

THE RAMBLER.

VOL. III. *New Series.*

APRIL 1855.

PART XVI.

THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.

As a liberal-minded man of the world grows older, he becomes more latitudinarian; as a liberal-minded Christian grows older, he becomes more charitable. Latitudinarianism is, in fact, the caricature of Christian charity in matters of faith and opinion. Bigotry, narrow-mindedness, and prejudice, do but deepen as the hair turns grey; and the disagreeable dogmatic youth develops into the intolerant and intolerable old man. While the heart is young, and prejudices but recently formed, you have some chance of moving the feelings, even when the head is most wooden and the views most confined. But when the brightness of the early days of life is gone, and the intellectual vision has become dim without expanding in range, you have the cold-blooded persecutor, or the uncharitable intellectual tyrant, in all his odious maturity.

Precisely the reverse is the result in the case of a mind originally large and liberal in its ideas, and animated by practical religiousness. The longer the experience of such a mind both of its own failings and of the actions of others, the more striking the change in its mode of dealing with error. Every day that goes by, it appreciates more keenly the truth of the maxim, that the widest charity is frequently the strictest justice. It learns, that of human disagreements an immense proportion result from misunderstandings; and that where *self* sees only a culpable motive, or a hateful feeling, *truth* detects the existence of some extraordinary misapprehension of facts, or the unavoidable perversion of some opinion in itself sound and just.

Hence the extraordinary personal influence of those who are really "saints," or nearly so. While we are yet young in self-knowledge and knowledge of the world, this surprising power over others which is possessed by some few people is almost incredible. Inexperienced enthusiasm fancies that the "naked truth" is every thing. It imagines that moral and

intellectual error is to be overthrown by the rules of military warfare; that stupidity, ignorance, and perverseness, are to be overwhelmed with broadsides of shells and cannon-balls, and that the siege of a fortified town presents a precise parallel to the victory of Christianity over heresy and unbelief. It is unwilling to admit that five minutes' conversation with a man who is a saint, or something like one, will continually accomplish more than months of controversy, conducted with the utmost brilliancy of reasoning. Yet we all know that so it is. There is an indescribable power, a victorious efficacy, in the very look, the voice, the gestures, and still more in the words of those rare persons in whom Christian love not only lives, but is absolutely dominant, which is unapproached by all the achievements of logic, and all the captivating beauty of mere human discourse. And the reason we believe to be this: that the saint appeals to that which is good in a man, and treats him as being better perhaps than he is; while we for the most part attack what is evil in him, and treat him as worse than he is, or at the best, with the barest measure of rigid justice.

It appears to us that there never was a time or place when it was more necessary to bear this principle in mind than in this country and at this particular time. We may rest assured that we shall never overthrow English Protestantism by abusing Protestants, or even by exposing fairly their conduct, or attacking the absurdities of their opinions, if this is the sole, or even the chief instrument on which we rely. Undoubtedly the demolition of fallacies, the satire of follies, the denunciation of abominations, and even the portraying of the guilt of individuals, have all their proper place in the conduct of religious controversy. But, as we think, if these constitute the only, or the prominent elements in our warfare, the victory never will be ours. Men may easily be driven to evil; but it is very rarely that they are driven to what is good. Attack and assault are the natural weapons of religious error, of those whose aim it is to destroy; but they will no more make men into Christians, and Protestants into Catholics, than the bombardment of a fortress will build a noble city.

If we wish to have an example of that which we should *not* do, we have but to turn to the writings and speeches of Luther against the Papacy. What contrast can possibly be greater than that which exists between Luther's principles of controversy and those of the Apostles? Supposing, for argument's sake, that Luther was right, it is undeniable that he assailed the corruptions (as he called them) of Rome on a totally different system from that on which St. Paul, St. Peter,

and St. John assailed the corruptions of Paganism. If Luther's destructive warfare was right, St. Paul's constructive arguing was wrong. Which of the two knew human nature the best? It is, indeed, a most pregnant fact, and one which cannot be too deeply pondered, that if we want to learn the follies and the crimes of Paganism, we must go elsewhere than to the Bible to learn them. They are touched upon only incidentally, and at comparatively rare intervals. We have to put things together, and to interpret Scriptural allusions by what we have learnt from Pagan sources, in order to understand any thing like the amount of the guilt and delusion of the old heathens, and the absurdities and sins of the Jews. What an astonishing contrast to the system of Protestant warfare against us! And what an irresistible argument against the adoption of Protestant weapons for the advancement of Catholicism!

It requires, indeed, no little self-control to act steadily on this method of controversy in dealing with adversaries like those now opposed to us. The temptations to "show up" Protestantism and Protestants at all times and seasons is so powerful, that few controversialists can acquit themselves of having ever introduced ridicule and attack at some inopportune time or other. With an opponent before us so vast, so pretending, so boastful, so laughably inconsistent, so illogical, so unscrupulous, so lamentably ill-informed, and so shameless, it is hard to resist the inclination to give him a little more of his deserts than is consistent with true prudence. It is hard always to bear steadily in mind that what we want is, not to defeat him in the polemical arena, but to turn him into a willing and devoted Catholic. Attacked as we repeatedly are with a reckless disregard of consistency, and on avowed principles which go to the upsetting of all religion and common sense together, the Catholic controversialist may be forgiven, though possibly not justified, if he now and then retorts in kind upon his unblushing foe, and under the influence of the most galling falsehoods and of accusations of crimes which he abhors, seeks rather to crush his insulting antagonist than to lead him captive by all-enduring meekness and gentle persuasion.

Still, it cannot be forgotten that we do not wrestle for ourselves, but for God. The desire of our hearts is not to hold up this or that man among our fellow-creatures to contempt or condemnation, but to lead him to embrace the one true Gospel of Jesus Christ. If, in so doing, we ourselves suffer the loss of intellectual reputation, or permit the vilest slanders to go unrefuted, this matters little. If the result of our controversy is such, that men are made good Catholics, it is of small moment what imputations we ourselves pocket without

a word of reply. The question is not, what Protestants deserve, but what will conciliate their attention and influence their belief.

The first step, therefore, to be taken by every man who would take part in the great controversy of our day, is the gaining a thorough mastery of the actual condition of mind of the non-Catholics whom he would influence. Were it our only aim to expose the faults and deride the inconsistencies of our adversaries, little more would be needed than a knowledge of his actual words and actions. He will then, in the hands of an acute opponent, be speedily made to confute himself, and put to shame in the judgment of the candid looker-on. But inasmuch as our object is to forget that he *is* an adversary at all, and to regard him solely as he is in himself, and capable of conversion for his own sake, the first question is, *what* is he? The answer is to be found, not by reading books which show what we *ought* to be, on any preconceived theory of our own, but by a patient observation of the phenomena which his whole life presents to our study. If we were asked to name the most urgent controversial need of our age, we should say that it was an application of the Baconian method of induction to the phenomena of religious error. Its interminable varieties and perplexing combinations cannot be ascertained by any *à priori* reading, constructed on a purely theological basis. Theological science, strictly so called, is a very defective guide to an acquaintance with the phases of religious delusion. A scientific study of the doctrines of revelation may be, and must be, conducted upon almost mathematical principles. From a few axioms the algebraist and geometrician deduces, step by step, by a long series of syllogisms, the entire body of mathematical science. And so in theology: revelation gives us certain dogmata, which correspond to the axioms of mathematics; and from them we reason onwards from one deduction to another, our sole care being to reason correctly.

But when we turn to the study of Protestantism or of infidelity, or of any set of human opinions not based on infallibly certain premises, we have to pursue precisely that method which is adopted in physical science, and which goes by the name of Lord Bacon,—a method which has given to the last two centuries their astonishing achievements in the knowledge of the laws of nature and their application of them for practical ends. And it is a circumstance to which we entreat the most careful attention, that as it was not till the end of the sixteenth century that the human mind devoted itself to the study of physical nature on sound philosophical principles, so the nine-

teenth century has come, and we have hardly yet attempted the study of the moral nature of man, as he exists outside the Church, on any sound system of observation. Naturally, the attention of Catholic thinkers has been directed first and almost exclusively to the study of truth as such, or to the confronting particular religious errors with those particular doctrines which they directly contradicted. Hence has resulted the immense and glorious body of Catholic theological science, at once our treasure, our guide, and our boast. Hence, also, the complaint which is ever being made, that almost all new theological books are mere repetitions of what has been written ages ago; and hence the extremely unsatisfactory results of the controversies conducted with non-Catholics by those who are armed only with book-learning. The fact is, that the great minds of the Church have nearly exhausted the realm of theological science, and led us as far as our minds can go; though we by no means imply that *nothing* yet remains to be done. And further, these book-controversies are necessarily barren in results, because they rarely are based upon facts,—upon the facts of the human mind *as it is*. They assume certain conditions in the non-Catholic intelligence which are purely hypothetical, and cannot be reconciled with the phenomena of actual life. And accordingly they ordinarily produce nothing but a still wider alienation between the Church and her antagonists than that which has already existed.

The moral, spiritual, and intellectual variations in the non-Catholic mind are, indeed, so boundless in number, and so unexpected in their complexity, that they demand from the Catholic philosopher a never-ceasing study of the most patient and careful kind. No general formula can possibly include them all. We might as well expect, from the mere knowledge of the laws of mechanics and chemistry, to be able to sit in our study and describe the form, colour, habit, and proper cultivation of every possible plant, flower, and tree which can grow in any region of the earth. Take, for instance, that singular thing, English Protestantism, viewed as a whole, or in its many subdivisions. What a combination of the great and the little, of the noble and the vile, of the true and of the false! The records of history assure us that altogether it is a thing without precedent in the progress of our race. Place your finger on any one of its features, and you see something unanticipated and, at first sight, inexplicable. To treat such a being by the rules of old books is manifestly visionary. See it one day persecuting, another tolerant; one day threatening a convent, another honouring nuns, and telling people to imitate them; now jeering at Catholic casuistry, now adopting a

laxity of action in comparison of which the laxest Jesuitry (as they call it) is rigorism ; now raising new churches and paying additional clergy by hundreds or thousands ; now winking at burial-club poisonings, wife-beatings, and child-murders, and extolling the English people as the most moral on the face of the earth ; shutting up a Crystal Palace at Sydenham on Sundays, that the "Sabbath" be not broken, and crowding in thousands to hear military bands play opera-music at Windsor every Sunday in the year ; spending hundreds of thousands annually on Bible Societies and Missionary Societies, and yet accepting a newspaper like the *Times* for its prophet, and a blasphemer like Disraeli for the apostle of its Protestantism ;—see the vast English people in these and the other innumerable inconsistencies of its private life, and admit, as we must, that to estimate the moral and intellectual condition of such a race by old-fashioned rules and *à priori* anticipations is totally out of the question. A single illustration of the religious tendencies of our countrymen will show that the Catholic Church never before had so singular an antagonist to deal with since Protestantism began :—we mean, the amount of religious publications incessantly issuing from the press ; and this at a time when theological controversy is far less active than usual. We take up the first chance list of works that comes to hand, and count up the number of new books and new editions of a purely religious character which were published in London only during eight successive weeks in September and October 1854—the dullest part of the publishing season—and find that they amount to no less than ninety-eight ; or we turn to the number of the *Times* newspaper which reaches us as we write, and find on one of its pages two columns and a quarter of book-advertisements, containing eighty-two advertisements in all ; and of these no less than thirty-five are on religious subjects. And this is exclusive of the immense number of new books brought out by the various religious publishing societies, such as the Christian Knowledge and the Tract Society. Yet this ceaseless activity, practically exhibited in church-building, church-going, school-teaching, and book-publishing, comes from a people among whom it is difficult to find two people who do not disagree in their "creed." Did the world before ever exhibit so extraordinary a phenomenon ?

Or take another illustration, furnished by the popular estimate of the value and authority of the law of the land. As things are, and as great truths are corrupted, this English worship of English law often becomes the most pernicious instrument for injuring the Church and preventing the propaga-

tion of Catholic doctrine. The law of the land is the model Englishman's ultimate test, not only of general social duty, but of actual religious dogma. Yet, monstrous and absurd as is the idea, it is but shallow thinking to overlook the great truth of which this popular feeling is the exaggeration and corruption. "Order," says the poet, "is heaven's first law." And is it not the first fundamental element of Catholic discipline, as given practically to man? Is it not its grand characteristic mark, by which it is distinguished from all its Protestant counterfeits? Our system of government is neither anarchy, irregularity, nor despotism. Its very essence is the supremacy of law, as such; of that law which, whatever the excesses or sins of its administrators, we hold to be given by God. Our rulers are not despots, nor our subjects slaves. It is the very argument of Bellarmine, that the Pope must be infallible because we are bound to obey him, and God could not enjoin obedience to an authority which might itself violate His laws.

And exactly this is that peculiar English sentiment, which is so rarely found in continental nations. There exists among English people an almost universal acquiescence in the acts of authority as such, unless grossly and permanently abused, wholly unlike that alternation of submissive silence and revolutionary restlessness which is the bane of so many nations abroad. That without order there can be no social activity, we admit as an axiom; and without law there can be no order, and without administrators there can be no living laws. In the humblest administrators, accordingly, we are accustomed to recognise the security of all that is most dear to us in our private lives. What, in spiritual things, the sacerdotal, episcopal, and papal authorities are to the Catholic, just such are the municipal, magisterial, administrative, and regal authorities to the ordinary Englishman. To disobey them in the one case leads to spiritual, in the other to social suicide.

Now to denounce this national reverence for law, as in itself anti-Catholic, and as naturally tending to place the soul of man in antagonism with the dictates of religion, appears to us as impolitic as it is unjust. The authority of human law comes from God as truly, though not as immediately, as the doctrines and discipline of the Catholic Church; and to suppose that the social system which He has sanctioned cannot be profoundly venerated without an almost, if not actually necessary contempt of the spiritual system which comes from the same Divine hand, is really monstrous and shocking. The Englishman's worship of the law of his country is only blameable so far as it is an *exclusive* worship. It is the fault of

his Protestantism, which being essentially a religion of negations, hides from his sight the beauties of that other edifice of law, authority, and order, of which the social system is a type, and to which it ought to be a guide.

You will never persuade an Englishman that those things which he believes to be the best features in the national character are in themselves bad and anti-Christian, when in reality you are perpetually applauding precisely the same characteristics in the conduct of the spiritual life. Things which are good in the "natural order" are the reverse of antagonistic to those which are good in the "supernatural order." Unless we grievously mistake it, this is a fundamental doctrine of all religion, and is intimately entwined with the life of the soul, even up to its highest and most mystical states. If a people, like the Anglo-Norman race, are strikingly steady, determined, devoted to uphold the laws, persevering under difficulties, practical and averse to rash novelties, unyielding in upholding their opinions when once adopted, the accident that all these qualities are debased by certain odious and anti-Christian accompaniments does not alter their original nature, or make them essentially adverse to that religion which alone can harmonise them into perfection. The very peculiar character of the English soldier in the battle-field is a type of the Christian in his spiritual warfare. Admirable and useful in its way as is the peculiar French spirit in fighting, and signal as are the victories often won by its rapidity, its ingenuity, its fire, its headlong daring, it will not be denied that the unflinching patient advance under apparently overwhelming difficulties is a fitter type of that character which stands foremost in the struggle of the soul against its invisible foes. The Englishman is not wrong in worshipping the law of the land; he is wrong in worshipping it to the exclusion of the superior authority of the revealed laws of God.

Now it is obvious, that in seeking to influence a state of public feeling like that of this country, our first object must be to ascertain how far all this is genuine; that is, how far it is hypocritical, how far self-deceiving, how far sincere, how far the result of divine grace and tending directly to Catholicism, and how far the result of unavoidable, invincible ignorance. To know all this with certainty is of course impossible. We cannot search men's hearts; and if it is not given us to be sure of the spiritual condition of any living Catholic, however holy he may appear, how much more difficult must it be to judge of the sincerity and goodness of persons in so anomalous a state as this chaotic world of Protestantism? Still, some

sort of a guess may be made, not as to individuals, but as a practical guide to the *kind* of treatment which the patient requires. And it must be made, if we are to hope for success. Nothing can be worse than to treat a sincere man, in invincible ignorance, as if he were a hypocrite or wilful unbeliever. And it is dangerous, though not equally so, to mistake a sham religiousness for a *bonâ fide*, though mistaken, piety. Is it probable, then, or not, that there exists, more or less in an enfeebled state, much of the true love of God in the English people? Is that gift of faith, which so many received in their baptism, in all likelihood extinguished in all of them, or nearly all of them, as they grow up and cease to be children? Are so many of them heretical in their secret dispositions, as well as heretical in their professed opinions, that we are justified in indiscriminately applying to them, as individuals, the designation of "heretics?"

Now to assume, at starting, that their religion is all a sham, a deception, a substitution of human virtue for Christian piety, is out of the question. A large number of these persons have been validly baptised. They are in possession of the Creeds and the Scriptures; and the Prayer Book, which practically forms the guide of so many among them, is un-Catholic far more by way of omission than of commission. The Thirty-nine Articles are vile; but the "Services" are chiefly taken from actually Catholic sources. They make sacrifices for religion, some of them great sacrifices, though certainly far from those *heroic* exercises of self-devotion which are so frequent in the Catholic Church. They have wonderfully improved in general morals during the last half-century; and that, not under the pressure or from the example of Catholicism (of which they know nothing), but from some influence residing among themselves. And scandalous and wicked as have been, and are, the persecuting feelings of many of them towards us, we think that the national irritation against Catholicism, advancing as they see it before their eyes, is far less than has ever before been shown by Protestantism under similar circumstances.

It is not, however, at all necessary that we should come to any positive conclusion as to individuals, whether singly or in a body. The point we are urging is only this, that we had far better treat them as *more* Catholic and Christian than they really are, than as less so. The idea occasionally nourished, that it is dangerous to let Protestants see that we think their ignorance may be pardonable in God's sight, lest it encourage them to be reckless as to the truth, appears to us in the last degree mistaken. It is founded on an entire misconception of

the action of the human mind. Man is made to be led, and not to be driven. If you do not treat an opponent as sincere and well-principled, whatever you may think of him, your cleverest arguments may be thrown to the winds without further thought. The notion against which we are protesting arises from confounding two totally distinct things,—the destruction of error, and the building up of truth. Prove a man the most stupid fool in the universe, or the blackest scoundrel that ever disgraced his species, and what have you done? Shown that he deserves contempt and punishment; and nothing more. You have not even begun to make him a wise man or a good Christian. The only method of reforming a criminal is to discover what good yet remains undestroyed in him; to work gently and patiently upon that foundation; and so, leading him from one step to another, to raise him in the end to the stature of an upright and worthy man.

And it is so with those who have to be made into Catholics. Catholicism is not to be built upon what is vile and lost in them, but upon the remnants of Catholic doctrine, or the lingering lights of conscience, which are not yet wholly annihilated in their minds. Conversion is far more a constructive than a destructive work; or rather, it is a work in which the erection of truth produces naturally the destruction of error. It is a maxim in the philosophy of moral and religious delusion of the first importance, that the practical strength of every false doctrine results from the admixture of some truth which it perverts and disguises. There is scarcely such a thing in a country like the England of to-day as a simple and unmitigated false opinion. Of all the monstrous examples of heretical and nonsensical theories which swarm in shoals around us, there are few which in the minds of their adherents are not a perversion of some Christian or natural truth. It is hard for a man who is still out of hell to be led by falsehood in all its naked and hideous darkness. Of course, it is not true to say that men are not perpetually swayed by those portions of their opinions which are positively false and anti-Christian; but it is true that there is a twofold action incessantly going on in the minds of all but the very worst of our kind,—an action in which good and evil are ever struggling for the mastery, and conscience and right reason asserting their claim to supremacy, and a sham triumph of reason over passion proclaimed, almost before every separate deed of guilt or opposition to the Word of God.

And no one can study the phases of popular anti-Catholic controversy without observing how strikingly it is by thus availing itself of perverted and misunderstood truths that error

maintains itself in England at this hour. The invisible enemy of our faith incessantly labours to fix the attention of Protestants on whatever of good may be remaining among them, and so to persuade them that Protestantism is all true, and Catholicism a lie. The glaring inconsistencies, the baseless assertions, the illogical assumptions, the violations of history, the puzzled confusion of their own minds, are studiously kept out of sight; and their activity, their good works, their hopes for eternity, their confidence in their own creed, are nourished upon those fragments of Catholicism, and those feeble efforts after what is pure and lovely, which they discover, or believe they discover, in themselves and their fellow-countrymen, friends and kindred.

Here, then, is the only way to their reason and conscience, according to the unchangeable laws of human nature. Those remnants of truth which they still grasp and turn against us are to be grasped by us, and turned in favour of the faith. It is the duty of the Catholic controversialist to lead men to recognise in Catholicism the only true completion of all they hold dear and venerate; to show them that whatsoever they in their hearts have learnt of the Gospel not only comes from us, but is with us, and with us only, in its unmaimed beauty and vital power. As for their Protestantism, we care nothing for it, except so far as it blinds its votaries to the facts and glories of the true faith. We have no wish to show that all Protestants are worthless, hateful to God, and under His sentence of wrath. Let them be as good as they think themselves. What then? Is this a proof that God does not command them to embrace the pure truth, the whole truth, the moment it unveils itself to their eyes? We do not wish to disparage one of their works, to impute to them disgraceful motives for those actions which wear an outward respectability. It is no part of our argument that every man who holds heretical opinions is himself a heretic. Most heartily we hope that he is not; and it is because we trust that his professions of religiousness are genuine and sincere, that we so urgently call on him to open his eyes to the truths of Christianity as God has really revealed them. If, as they assert, they have cordially submitted themselves to the Gospel of Jesus Christ; if they have prostrated themselves in self-abasement before the all-holy majesty of God, repenting of their sins, accounting all things worthless which do not spring from the love of God, and seeking pardon and grace from the Atonement of the Eternal Son, and asking only to know His will that they may do it,—then the work of the Catholic Church is already begun in them. The foundation of sin, with its intellectual

and spiritual pride, is already levelled to the ground. The enemy of their souls is beaten in his citadel. It remains for us to unveil to their sight those glories of which they have hitherto caught but feeble sparks; and to lead them to the full certainty of those blessings which they faintly cry for, and to the actual Presence of Him whom far off they now adore.

To what extent, as a matter of fact, these elements of true religion exist among our fellow-countrymen, it is, as we have said, unnecessary to investigate. We can do no harm by treating a man as better than he is, provided only we never lead him to overlook the nature of his errors, and the enormity of the guilt of those who trifle with known truth. However little he may deserve our lenient judgment, at least he will be conciliated. He will not experience that most irritating of feelings, the sense that he is wronged; that he is not fairly met; that his motives are misinterpreted, and his difficulties not made allowance for. He will not be tempted to take refuge in that most true, but often perverted maxim, that God is more merciful than man; or turn away from us as hard-hearted, rigorous judges, when he has been looking for considerateness, gentleness, and patient love.

It need hardly be added, that the principle of controversy here advocated is totally dissimilar from that which seeks to make Catholicism look like Protestantism in Protestant eyes. This latter system we think as fatal to the conversion of non-Catholics as the most bitter denunciation of every individual opponent as a "heretic," or the most caustic disparagement of every apparently good work of Protestants. In fact, the charitable treatment of Protestants is really part of the very system which condemns the modification of Catholic doctrine or practice out of deference to their passion or prejudice. In both cases we place our confidence in the ultimate power of truth and sincerity. We desire to recognise in every case the works of God in their exact reality, as they have come from His hand. If His grace has effected the beginnings of conversion in our opponents' hearts, we do not imagine that we shall complete the work by assuming that He has done nothing for them. And if He has given us a certain revelation of doctrine, we do not consider ourselves competent to disguise its character in the eyes of those to whom He has sent it. We place it before them gradually, it may be, as we give milk and not strong meat to infants. But we would no more alter that revelation, in order to make it palatable to human ignorance, than we would feed a new-born child on unwholesome decoctions, under the idea that we could improve upon

the nourishment which God has designed for it. Two things we look upon as correlative to each other—whatever is good in Protestants on the one side, and the simple truth of Catholicism on the other. These two things the devil is ever striving to keep asunder, and it is for us to bring them together. And, if we see matters aright, this will never be brought about, either by undervaluing the gifts which God may have given to those who are not Catholics, or by diminishing or discolouring the truths whose keeping He has committed to us.

It is obvious also, that the principle of controversy here defended does not apply in certain cases which too often come before us. It sometimes happens that the only weapons which we can employ are those of unsparing exposure and bitter satire. We have our foes, and too many of them, in whom not a trace of any thing good appears, to which we may appeal in the hope of leading them on from good to better, for their own benefit as well as our own protection. There are those who, in their present condition of mind, must be treated as adversaries, and nothing more. They are to be shown up, not for their own sake, but for the sake of others who stand by and watch the result. Still, our controversies will always be the more successful for a careful discrimination between a possible friend and an inveterate foe. And the surest way to convert a possible friend into an inveterate foe is to treat him as if we regarded him, if not as a knave, yet certainly as a fool.

COMPTON HALL;

OR,

The Recollections of Mr. Benjamin Walker.

CHAPTER VIII.

A RUSTIC SIEGE.

ROGER and I were duly introduced to Miss Compton's efficient ally in fortifying her castle against the threatened attack, and we then went back to Arkworth to make our preparations for passing the night at the Hall. When we returned, which we did without loss of time, so eager was Roger to be in the midst of the fun, while he also longed to see the library which was to be the scene of his literary labours, the house was regularly barricaded, and in a condition to withstand as serious

an attack as was likely to be made against it. Every window on the ground-floor was protected with stout planks, with convenient openings to allow those within to fire upon their assailants, if necessary. The gates of the stable-yard and back premises were thoroughly secured; every loose fragment of wood and combustible material was carefully brought in, so that the rioters might find as much difficulty as possible in resorting to their favourite incendiarism. The windows which were most exposed were furnished with mattresses for the protection of their defenders, as it was well known that some of the mob were in possession of fire-arms, and did not scruple to employ them. The doors, all except one small outlet from the offices, were strongly secured; and every bucket that could be got hold of was ranged in readiness for use, in case they should be needed to extinguish fire. A post was assigned to Roger, and another to myself; and fowling-pieces were placed in our hands, with the strictest injunctions to be most careful not to use them except in a case of extreme necessity.

To Miss Compton's great satisfaction, Sir Arthur Wentworth had made arrangements at his own house which enabled him to remain for the night at the Hall; for though its courageous mistress felt no more alarm at the prospect of mob-violence than at the expectation of a storm of rain and wind, yet she felt the value of Sir Arthur's advice, and of his presence among her household and people. Her brother was in the house, it was true; but though he was as cool as she was, his capacity lay rather in the classification of lifeless bones than in the discipline of living men, while his clerical character made him unwilling to appear in too martial a capacity. The house and premises were filled with men, probably as many as thirty or forty altogether. Miss Vernon bestirred herself with striking alacrity in seconding her aunt's efforts for keeping the women-servants quiet; and she undertook the somewhat hopeless task of preserving silence and composure among them during the attack, if it should really take place.

When all seemed ready, Roger could restrain his impatience no longer, and begged Miss Compton to let him see the library. She immediately took us there, and enjoyed immensely the sight of Roger's delight at its size and beauty. The room was really noble; with a richly-carved and gilt ceiling; dark and somewhat heavy-looking but handsome bookcases; deeply recessed windows, with stained glass in their uppermost portions; and a superb, though quaint old mantel-piece, carved in fruit, flowers, and birds; and some half-dozen family portraits on the few vacant spaces of wall not covered with bookcases. As for the books themselves,

the first glance showed there were several thousands of them, nearly all somewhat venerable in appearance, but in excellent condition. Roger almost danced about the room with gratification, peering first into one shelf, then into another, and losing all sense of restraint in his anticipations of weeks of future enjoyment.

"There is only one thing, Mr. Walton," said Miss Compton, "which I must particularly beg of you to attend to; which is, that every volume must be replaced exactly where it stands. It is a fancy of mine to keep them all precisely where my father left them. The library was chiefly formed by him; and he loved it so dearly, that I have always made it a point to preserve it just as he left it, as a kind of living memorial of his former presence. You young men hardly understand these kind of things; but when you are getting old, like me, you will feel as I do. The young like changes, because they live in hope; the old like repose, because they live in the past."

Roger immediately assured Miss Compton that he would respect her injunctions most carefully; and I wondered to hear such ideas from one still so youthful and vigorous, and to whom I should never have thought of imputing feelings verging on the poetic and sentimental.

"Should not this room be protected from the rioters, like the others?" inquired Roger, with anxious interest.

"No," replied Miss Compton, "we think it sufficiently protected by its not being on the ground-floor. We shall dine in it also this evening; for it is almost the only room, not a bedroom, which is not given up to our garrison; and as that door which you see at the further end leads by a separate staircase to the offices, we shall probably live a good deal in it until our fortifications are done away with downstairs."

The day was now drawing to a close, and Miss Compton proposed to Sir Arthur that he should accompany her in a walk round the gardens and grounds near the house, partly for the sake of refreshing themselves, and partly by way of a military reconnoitre.

"I shall certainly make a *reconnaissance* before dark," said Sir Arthur; "but if I may venture to lay my commands upon a lady in her own house, I should strongly advise that you stay safely within doors. It is just possible that we may meet with something unpleasant."

"Pardon me, Sir Arthur," replied she, "where you go, I go. These two gentlemen shall accompany us, and we will have a couple of the grooms as a bodyguard."

Sir Arthur shrugged his shoulders, though in a scarcely

visible degree, and politely acquiesced where he saw that all objections would be overruled; and we proceeded on our promenade. Every thing seemed tranquil and orderly, and the delicious repose of declining day without struck forcibly in contrast with the bustle and agitation within the Hall. We had nearly completed our rounds, and were approaching the house by a path through a small wood of noble forest-trees which lay at the rear of the premises, when a man stepped out from a small bye-path, and presented a note to Sir Arthur. He stopped to read it, and his attention was enchained before he had gone through a few lines. Noticing, however, that we lingered to bear him company, he begged us all to proceed, and leave him to follow, whispering something in Miss Compton's ear. We obeyed him, and left him alone.

In a minute or so Miss Compton changed her mind as to proceeding; and desiring us all to go on to the house, returned in the direction of the spot where we had just left Sir Arthur. Roger, myself, and the men walked on; in about a quarter of an hour Sir Arthur rejoined us in the drawing-room.

"Where is Miss Compton?" asked he.

"What! not with you, Sir Arthur?" cried Roger.

"With me? No! Did not she come home with you?"

"She left us, and returned to you."

"Returned to me? You don't say so. I've not seen her since you all left me reading that fellow's note."

Roger, easily excited, dashed out of the room without another word; and we could hear him loudly shouting in all directions to know if Miss Compton had been seen.

I was on the point of following him, when Sir Arthur stopped me.

"Don't be in a hurry, my young friend," said he. "The first duty of a soldier is to obey orders. This harum-scarum friend of yours will be back in a moment, and bring us news of what we want to hear."

"Nobody's seen her!" cried Roger, bursting in upon us, out of breath, and his face pale with excitement and alarm.

"Follow me!" said Sir Arthur, "and don't stir a step or move a hand without my orders." Then, summoning half-a-dozen men to come with us, he led the way along the path by which we had just now returned. About half-way between the spot where we had left him and that where Miss Compton had left us, his quick eye caught sight of a fragment of lace entangled among some briars at the side of another of the many cross-paths which intersected the wood.

"Silence," said he, almost in a whisper, "and walk quietly

behind me." And he proceeded along this cross-path at a swift pace. Voices soon quickened our pace to a run; and as we came up to a spot where the path widened into a little glade, there we saw Miss Compton with three men about her, one of whom held her left wrist in his hand with a powerful grip, while he beckoned off his companions, who seemed about to commit some worse personal violence. The first words we caught were Miss Compton's:

"Not if you hang me to one of these trees!" cried she, in a voice that betrayed no sign of terror.

"Come, Bill!" cried one of the men to the ruffian who was holding Miss Compton in his grasp, "leave her to us; we'll soon find out what she's made of. You see this, madam," he added, pointing a pistol at the captive; "if you cry out, the bullet shall be through your head before you can scream a second time."

A vehement but fruitless struggle to free herself was all Miss Compton's reply; and in an instant a blow on the head from the butt-end of Sir Arthur's pistol made the fellow who held her stagger backwards. His companions took to their heels, and plunging among the trees got off safe; but he himself was speedily secured and led prisoner into the house. The particulars of the affair I never heard in detail; but I believe it was nothing more than a trap to get Miss Compton into the hands of the rioters, and to frighten her and her friends into acceding to some demands. As it had happily failed, it served usefully the purpose of showing the necessity of the utmost precautions against a band of men so close at hand, and so unscrupulous in their conduct. The courageous object of their cowardly attack appeared as cool and unconcerned as if nothing had happened to interfere with the enjoyment of a pleasant afternoon stroll.

As night closed in precautions were redoubled. Every half-hour Sir Arthur went his rounds, inspecting every post of defence within and without the house. Eating and drinking went on with jovial heartiness, interrupted only by the clamours of one or two of the maid-servants, which were sternly rebuked by Miss Vernon, who displayed the energy and decision of a military commander. The hours wore on, ten o'clock struck without the slightest alarm, and speculations were beginning as to whether the mob would venture on attacking a house so well prepared. Sir Arthur opened one of the windows, and looked out into the moonlit air. The night was exquisitely calm, the sky almost azure in its silent depths, and the moonlight was so bright that half the stars were lost in its brilliancy. A vast cedar of Lebanon spread out its le-

viathan branches over the opposite lawn, and looked almost like a living monster asleep, with its fantastic long arms and fingers stretched forth into the sky.

"What a superb moon!" cried Roger, enthusiastically.

"I wish she'd hide her beauties under a cloud," replied Sir Arthur. "This bright moonlight is the most distracting thing in the world to the eyesight; it makes the shadows so impenetrably dark. Now that huge cedar there, making the ground underneath look perfectly black, is the very spot for a handful of these scoundrels to hide in, without the least chance of our seeing them."

At this moment the sound of a distant drum floated on the air. We all listened intently, and caught the hoarse murmur of many voices approaching; but still far off. Presently all was still.

"Where do the fellows get the drum?" asked Sir Arthur.

"Most likely from one of the bands, of which, as you know, we have a good many in this country," said Miss Compton. "It's a pity, these musical people are generally the most worthless vagabonds in the place."

Nothing more was heard; and Sir Arthur had the window closed and secured, and himself mounted to an upper story to listen and watch. In a short time he returned, exclaiming:

"The audacious scoundrels! They have the insolence to carry a white flag at their head. There must be several hundreds of them. They are swarming up the road, and will be here instantly."

As he spoke a drum beat immediately in front of the house-door, and a man, who had been set to watch from an upper window, brought word that two men were standing without, one of them conveying a white flag, and the other the drum.

"They have people with them who seem to know what they are about," observed Sir Arthur. "But what audacious coolness! To summon us, as if they were honourable enemies!"

Again the drum was beat, and a voice called out for Sir Arthur Wentworth.

"By Jove!" cried Sir Arthur, "the fellow knows how to make the parchment speak; but he'll summon me to little purpose."

This was repeated twice, and no notice being taken, the two withdrew; and, if we could judge from the length of time that passed in silence, the mob seemed at fault in their plans.

"If they know what they're about, they'll create a diver-

sion, by attacking the stables or farmyard," observed Sir Arthur. "I've little doubt that their sole object is the pillage of this house, and that some villains among them are counting on a tolerably large share of the spoil. I hope the plate is all safe, Miss Compton; and your jewels, whose value we all know; and I trust you have no very large sum of money in the house. There they go at last," he cried, as the report of a gun struck our ears. "The farmyard, indeed, if my hearing is as good as it used to be."

Tidings were quickly brought that a large body of men were forcing the farmyard gates, and that the people in charge of it could not possibly hold it against them, and begged for assistance.

"Sorry for it," replied Sir Arthur, "but it can't be helped. We have not a man to spare in the house; and I am persuaded they only go there to draw us off from the real object of their plans. Tell them to fight it out to the last, my man; and when they can fight no longer, not by any means to try to come into the house, but to move off into the shrubberies; and the moment they can catch the scoundrels at a disadvantage, when they come back to attack us, to take them in the rear. What say you, Miss Compton? Your ricks will all go, it's true, and your farm-buildings with them; but I consider this the best policy, after all."

"By all means, Sir Arthur, let your plan be followed out," said Miss Compton. "In my opinion, the first thing in these matters is obedience to orders. As it happens, too, I really think you are quite right. It's impossible that all these misguided wretches should have been got together only to burn a few tons of hay and straw. But remember, my man, no firing of guns at them. That must be the last resource."

"Certainly," echoed Sir Arthur; and the messenger went his way.

The shouts and cries now increased every moment in violence; and anxiety kept every one within doors in the profoundest silence, broken only by an occasional remark, spoken almost in a whisper. I was now not stationed at any one post, but was employed by Sir Arthur to go from room to room. As I was returning to him in the large drawing-room, a stream of air entered through the chinks of the doors and crevices of the windows, laden with the strong odour of burning.

"Go round instantly to every room, Mr. Walker," cried Sir Arthur, "and bid every man be on the alert; for they'll be here now immediately, fancying we shall be rushing out to save the burning farm-buildings."

I flew from room to room, and then mounted to an upper

story. Just as I reached a look-out, the mob poured in one continuous stream around the three exposed sides of the house, shouting madly, while a small party came up to the principal entrance, and commenced battering the door with axes and bars. A window below was instantly thrown open, and Sir Arthur's voice sounded loud above the din, which was suddenly hushed.

"Stand back!" he cried. "I give you all fair warning. The house is full of armed men; you are risking your lives. You cannot get what you want; and if you are killed, your blood will be on your own heads; and the scoundrels who are leading you on will ——"

The rest was drowned in a tremendous shout; and a volley of stones dashed upon the windows, one of them striking Sir Arthur on the forehead. I returned to the drawing-room, and received his commands again to desire every man to hold his fire, even if he heard a shot or two from the house.

"I am going upstairs; and I shall take the liberty of disabling one or two of those rascals hammering at the door. Perhaps it will frighten the rest, and save more bloodshed. I had rather to do it myself, and take the responsibility, than lay it on any of your people, Miss Compton."

Away he then went, and I followed him. In two minutes his rifle-bullet struck the foremost of the assailants in the legs, and brought him yelling to the ground. A pause ensued, and a momentary dead silence.

"Fire!" shouted a voice from among the rearward of the rioters; and some half-dozen shots, irregularly discharged, answered the summons.

"No harm done by that!" ejaculated Sir Arthur, taking aim at another of the men who still strove to burst open the door. As he dropped on the very spot whence his wounded companion was being dragged by his comrades, a wild cry of savage ferocity rose from the whole mob, and Sir Arthur hurried to his post downstairs.

"The real leader is not among the foremost, Miss Compton," said he; "either he is a coward, or he has some crafty device in his head. I hope those fellows who have charge of the garden-door are to be trusted. Go, Mr. Walker, and reconnoitre there, if you please."

As I was going, I walked the whole party of men who had been stationed to keep that entrance, under the orders of the old butler.

"Ay, I thought you'd want us here, Sir Arthur!" said that worthy individual, handling his fowling-piece as if he longed to discharge it at the heads of the mob.

"Good heavens, man!" cried Sir Arthur, amazed, "what brings you here? Go back instantly to your places. We shall have them in the house that way to a dead certainty."

"Go back, Sir Arthur?" repeated the butler, looking amazed in his turn; "why your honour just sent for us."

"I sent for you?" echoed Sir Arthur; "who brought the order? Speak, man, speak; there's not an instant to lose!"

"Who was it, Thomas?" said the bewildered Wilson, turning to his companions.

"It were Bill that told me," responded Thomas.

"And who told you, Bill?" demanded Sir Arthur, almost stamping with impatience.

"Who was it, Simon?" said Bill.

"One of them maids, I believe," responded Simon.

"Miss Compton, I fear there's some mischief here," said Sir Arthur, looking serious. "Well, Wilson, go back instantly, and hold the entrance against all attacks."

The party rapidly retired, while Miss Compton and Sir Arthur conversed in a low tone for a few moments.

"Hark!" cried I; "they are in the house;" and the cries of a large number of persons approaching told too truly that such was the case.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss Compton," exclaimed Sir Arthur, "do be persuaded to go to some less dangerous part of the house. The villains will be here before you can move. Really this is not a fit place for a woman at such a time."

"It is the fittest place for my father's daughter, Sir Arthur," replied the gallant lady, in a tone which told the soldier that further remonstrance was useless.

"Remain here, Mr. Walker, and don't let a man leave the room till I return," said Sir Arthur, as he went to join Wilson's party.

At first the rioters seemed to be beaten back; though the storming at the principal entrance went on, and volleys of stones and an occasional shot told us that the whole accessible part of the house was being assailed. Presently a man rushed in, saying that Sir Arthur desired us to barricade the door of the room where we were stationed, for that he had reason to think some of the mob were coming that way. As we proceeded to obey the order, a tremendous blow dashed in the upper panels of the door, and another drove the door in altogether. A crowd of men, some of them with blackened faces, poured in, and we began a hand-to-hand struggle. Miss Compton stood at the further end, holding a pistol in her hand, and so evidently prepared to use it, that whether from that or some other cause, no one at first attempted to molest

her. A stout fellow in a smock-frock seized me in his gripe, and I was struggling in vain to get my arms free, when one of the ruffians walked up to Miss Compton, quietly observing,

"Now, madam, is your turn; we shall soon fasten up those pretty hands of yours. Those rings look vastly pretty; suppose you hand them over to me."

Miss Compton said not a word, but pointed her pistol at the fellow's head. Notwithstanding the struggle I was myself engaged in, I could see her eye fastened upon the man with a perfect blaze of defiance. The man said nothing more, but steadily looked her in the face; and thus putting her off her guard, he suddenly knocked her pistol up into the air with his bludgeon, and griped her in his arms before she had recovered herself.

"Hurrah there!" at this moment shouted Roger's voice, as with a small reinforcement he charged into the midst of the affray; and while Miss Compton vigorously strove against her assailant's efforts to gain possession of her hands, Roger forced himself through the crush, and throwing his arms round the ruffian's neck, brought him headlong to the ground.

By this time Sir Arthur and his supporters had contrived to drive out of the house such of the rioters as had not found their way into the drawing-room; and the garden-entrance being again secured, he re-entered with one or two more, and effectually turned the scale in our favour.

"Well done, Mr. Walton!" he exclaimed, as he espied Roger's plucky struggle with his fallen foe, whom he was holding to the ground by main force. In a very short space the fellow was secured, and his hands and feet tied together with handkerchiefs. A few minutes sufficed to make captives of all the rest of the rioters in the house; and they were laid on their backs, three stout serving-men standing over them with thick cudgels, ready to strike down any one that should try to get free. Meanwhile a conference took place between Sir Arthur and Roger, and the latter exclaiming, "With the greatest possible pleasure," flew out of the room.

"A plucky young fellow that," observed Sir Arthur; "he is gone to bring up the men from the shrubberies, and to take the mob in its rear. I don't think the business will last much longer. That's a noble pier-glass, Miss Compton, or rather was; for these scoundrels, I see, have taken care to smash it very effectually. Now, Mr. Walker, you are in command here. I am going to head a sortie. You see we are conducting the defence after the most approved rules of war."

The old soldier was soon heard marshalling his men in the entrance-hall.

“ Now, my lads,” said he, “ when I give the word, throw the door wide open, give place to me, and follow me out in close order. Charge the fellows, and don’t spare your sticks ; but remember, no fire-arms.”

A loud cheer from a short distance without soon told that Roger and his party were assailing the mob where they least expected it. Hastily the barriers of the house-door were torn away, and out dashed Sir Arthur with his men, shouting and bidding them strike hard. The double attack succeeded ; the mob were seized with a panic, and some hundreds fled before the assault of some five-and-twenty or thirty bold assailants. In an almost incredibly short time the whole grounds were cleared of every visible enemy ; though it was hardly to be doubted that others lurked in the shelter of the shrubs and trees. Of the two men wounded by Sir Arthur’s rifle, one was taken prisoner, and the other carried off by his comrades. Some ten or twelve others were also made prisoners in the struggle, most of them a good deal hurt. Those whose hurts were serious received a little hasty surgical attention, under Sir Arthur’s and Miss Compton’s directions ; and before morning dawned, all the captives were disposed of in the safest prison that could be extemporised. The rattle of guns was succeeded by the clattering of knives, forks, and spoons ; and the hoarse shouting of the rioters by the endless chatter of the servants, as a mighty breakfast was prepared for the defenders, and every body congratulated his neighbour on the successful issue of the eventful night.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LOST PAPERS.

In the course of the morning I was sitting chatting with Roger in the drawing-room of the Hall, and trying to calm the eagerness which he showed to commence his literary labours, when Miss Compton and her brother entered, with anxious looks upon their faces, and in earnest conversation. Roger jumped up, and expressed his hopes that nothing serious was the matter.

“ A rather serious loss, my dear sir ; a very serious loss, I may say,” replied the brother, in a nervous, hurried way, his eyes winking rapidly behind his large gold spectacles,—a trick he had got from over-much microscopic investigation of animalcules and other such curiosities.

Miss Compton hereupon whispered something in his ear, looking more serious than ever.

"Well, well, Sarah!" said he, shrugging his shoulders; "it can't be helped. You may as well tell it at once. It's certain to come out; and if we make a mystery of it, people will think more harm is done than we really have to fear. But, by the way, where's Clementina? I've not seen her the whole morning; I trust she is not going to put any of her abominable tracts into the hands of those misguided men that we've got locked up."

"She can't do it, if she would," said Miss Compton. "I'm sorry to say, that a messenger arrived about two hours ago from her father's sister, who is dying; and she went off immediately afterwards, with little hope of finding her aunt alive."

"Poor dear girl!" murmured the kind-hearted uncle; "how glad I should be if she was a little more orthodox, and cared ever so little for natural history. But we can't have every thing in any one. And this reminds me that I must really be off. Supposing only the library at the Rectory should be plundered next!"

"Good heavens, brother!" exclaimed Miss Compton, "your coolness drives me mad. Are you really insensible to the amount of loss you have already sustained? As my brother has said so much already, Mr. Walker," she continued, addressing me, "I may as well tell you the whole at once. During the riot last night, some person broke open a drawer in the library, and carried off a packet of papers of the greatest importance to us, especially to my brother. We can find no possible clue to the perpetrator. From all we can learn of the events of the night, it was impossible that any one of the rioters could have got near the room. Sir Arthur is now making fresh inquiries. Ah! here he comes."

"I can make neither head nor tail of it," said the old soldier, who now appeared. "You say you locked the principal door into the library yourself, before the mob appeared?"

"I certainly did so," said Miss Compton.

"And no one in the house has a duplicate key?"

"I am morally certain that no such a thing exists. The key has never for a minute been out of my possession since my father's death. I never allow any one to lock or open the door but myself. Wilson is the only servant in the house who was with us when my father died; all the rest are new. As for suspecting Wilson himself, it's absurd; I should as soon suspect you, or myself."

"But the door at the further end of the library? That, you say, cannot be opened from the outside at all."

"No; it can be opened only from within, and shuts with a spring. And when I went last night to lock the principal door, I tried the other, and it was fast."

"And the windows? You say that when you went in this morning, you examined them, and every one had the shutters secured."

"Every one of them."

"Of course, if a man had been concealed in the room before you locked the doors, he could have escaped through the small one, and down the back staircase, as that door opens from within?"

"Yes, undoubtedly."

"Then probably the thief must have been concealed somewhere when you went in. Did you happen to look carefully round the room?"

"Every where. Not a single curtain was drawn; and I am confident that if any one had been there, I must have seen him."

"Then, too," replied Sir Arthur, "there is the puzzle as to what could lead the man to go straight to that one drawer. It's clear, that whoever the thief is, he not only knew the loss the papers would be to you and your brother, but he knew where to look for them."

"That is incomprehensible," said Miss Compton.

"You are certain the packet was there in the morning?"

"I am certain it was there two days ago; for I was opening the drawer, and saw it in its usual place."

"Then it might have been taken before last night?"

"Not so; for when I went in this morning, the drawer itself was pulled half-out, and last night it certainly was closed. Besides, nobody in the house ever heard of the existence of such papers."

"But I suppose some people out of the house knew of them?"

"Ah! no doubt. Your mother knows of them, Mr. Walton; and I dare say, if you were to ask her about them, she could tell you the very drawer where my father used to keep them, and where they certainly were two days ago. She was a great favourite with my father, and he used to employ her for hours and hours in the library, copying papers, and what not, for him. However, plenty of other people must know that the papers did exist, and must know their value; for their validity was once made the subject of a trial in a court of law."

"As that is the case," said Sir Arthur, "perhaps there will be no impertinence in my asking what the papers are?"

"Only a certificate of marriage, and one of baptism. On their existence, however, depends all my brother's private fortune."

"Every farthing!" ejaculated the brother himself; but in an unconcerned tone of voice, that made me stare him in the face with surprise.

"But cannot you get fresh copies of the original entries in the parish registers?" asked Sir Arthur.

"There lies the misfortune," said Miss Compton. "The registers were burnt, I don't know how long ago; so that if these authenticated copies are lost, they cannot possibly be replaced."

"Who would benefit by the destruction of your certificates?"

"That I can't tell you. The property would go quite in another direction from our family; but who may be the first heir I have no idea. I have some kind of idea that your father, Mr. Walton, is in some way concerned in the relationship. So I think I have heard your mother say; though he could not himself personally benefit. Have you ever heard the subject talked of?"

"Never," said Roger. "It is the first time I ever heard any thing about it."

"Well," said Sir Arthur, "I suppose there's little hope of the papers being left much longer in existence, if they have really got into bad hands. The scoundrel, whoever he is, would make them acquainted with the fire pretty quickly, I fancy. Have you *no* clue to go upon, Miss Compton?"

"Might not the thief keep the papers," asked Roger, "and try to make terms with Mr. Compton? Very likely he would get more by that means than by destroying them outright, especially if he himself is not the person to gain by Mr. Compton's loss."

This seemed so likely a thing to happen, that all eyes were turned upon Roger with sudden attention, and he immediately showed a consciousness that every one was looking at him. He always had a foolish trick of blushing when he was the object of particular attention; and unless people soon turned their eyes away from him, or he was a little excited, usually began to fidget about in a nervous, flurried kind of way. On the present occasion, probably from being rather tired with the events of the night, he seemed particularly sheepish, and looked for all the world as if he was vexed at being looked at and further questioned.

"I am not yet fully satisfied, I must own," observed Sir Arthur, after a brief pause. "Suppose we all go together into

the library, and hunt for any traces of the robber, whoever he may be."

"With all my heart," said Miss Compton. And we all followed her to the library, with the exception of Roger, who said that he had a letter on hand which he was anxious to finish, in case he should have no leisure in the afternoon; and with that he went upstairs to his own room.

On reaching the scene of the robbery, we all paced about the room, and looked out of the windows, and seemed very wise and very little satisfied, as people do on such occasions.

"Where does this lead to?" at last asked Sir Arthur, pointing to a third door in the apartment.

"Oh! that is only a closet," replied Miss Compton. "I believe it is quite empty now."

Sir Arthur peeped into the keyhole, and exclaimed,

"This lock has been tampered with, as I'm alive."

"You don't say so!" cried Miss Compton.

"Try it," said Sir Arthur. "Have you the key? Stop! the door is not locked." And he threw it open.

The closet had no shelves, and was empty, except that a few scraps of paper were tumbled together in a corner. Sir Arthur knelt on one knee, looked close to the ground, and then touched the floor of the closet with one of his fingers.

"The thief was hid here," he cried, "I'll bet a hundred pounds. This mud is quite wet. There are the fresh marks of dirty shoes, as clear as the day itself."

Every head was quickly bent towards the floor, and the truth of Sir Arthur's guess was undeniable. Miss Compton's eye seemed attracted to the heap of bits of paper; for she hastily picked up one fragment, glanced at it with a look of bewilderment, walked to the window in silence, gazed at what she held in her hand with a troubled aspect, turned white and red by turns, but said nothing, and put it in her pocket.

"Any clue?" asked Sir Arthur.

"I don't know," said she. "Nothing of the slightest use now. Very likely nothing at all."

She then examined every other scrap of paper in the closet; but there was nothing more that she seemed to think worth preserving.

"By the way, which is the drawer the packet was taken from?" said Sir Arthur.

Miss Compton pointed it out. It was the top drawer in the set to which it belonged, and one of the smallest in the whole room.

"May I open it?" inquired Sir Arthur.

"By all means. The packet is gone, I assure you. There; there was only this other large bundle of papers with it."

"I suppose it could not possibly have fallen through this immense crack into the drawer underneath," said he. "Why, the crack is half-an-inch wide."

"I should say it was impossible; but, to satisfy you, Sir Arthur, we will look."

She unlocked and opened the drawer in question, and emptied its contents upon a table. A ring fell out with them, and rolled upon the floor.

"Ha! what is that?" exclaimed Miss Compton. "That ring has no business here."

Sir Arthur, at whose feet it had fallen, picked it up, and presented it to her. I looked at the ring, and, hardly knowing what I said, exclaimed,

"Why, that ring once was mine!"

"Yours?" cried Sir Arthur, Miss Compton, and her brother, simultaneously.

"I am confident of it," I replied. "I gave it to Roger Walton; and the very next day he let it fall on the stones, and cracked the cornelian right across, as you see now. I know it at first sight, by the curious little engraving on the gold part of it. It is a seal-ring, as you see, and Roger has used it over and over again to seal his letters."

"Pray ascertain this with perfect certainty," said Sir Arthur, looking extremely serious and anxious. "Are you quite certain this is the ring you speak of?"

"I can tell in a moment," I replied, "by an opening at the back of the stone. My ring was probably an old French or foreign thing; for the back will open, and show a very small enamelled cross, and a heart with something like an arrow running into it. Ah! there it is. I have looked at those emblems scores of times. I bought it years ago at a curiosity-shop; and Roger Walton took such a fancy to it, that at last I gave it to him."

Miss Compton and Sir Arthur here exchanged glances which gave me serious uneasiness; for I fancied they both were beginning to suspect poor Roger of being in some way mixed up with the business. As for the rector, he stood examining the ring, and muttering something about the beauty of the workmanship.

"Impossible!" at length murmured Miss Compton.

"When did you last see this ring in your friend's possession?" asked Sir Arthur.

"That I can't say," I replied. "He is a great fidget,

and is always taking his rings off and on without knowing what he does."

"What! does he wear more than one ring?" asked Sir Arthur, in a tone of contempt.

"Only a little keepsake given him by his mother, that once was his father's. That ring and this he generally wore, as far as my recollection serves."

"Miss Compton," said Sir Arthur, "you will allow me to take this part of the affair into my own hands. I have no doubt—that is, I fully trust—our gallant young friend will be able to give a good account of the way this ring came here; but it is of the very highest importance—for his own sake, observe, as well as for the truth—that no leading or injudicious questions should be put to him. I shall ask him, simply, as if nothing had happened, whether this ring is his; and I propose that we immediately ask him to come here. No, on second thoughts, that might alarm him. By the way, he did not seem to be very anxious to join us in the search. I sincerely hope that meant nothing. He blushed, too, when we talked about the use the thief might put the papers to, and suggested a plan that might be adopted to make money out of them."

"Oh, Sir Arthur!" cried Miss Compton, her face deadly pale with emotion, and placing her hand on her heart, as if in acute pain. "And his poor mother too! *Could* he have ever heard her talk about these papers? Oh, no! I cannot believe it; I will not believe it."

"Sir Arthur," said I, "whatever explanation Mr. Walton may give, I am confident that he had nothing to do with it. There must be a mystery some where. He is the most romantically honourable fellow on earth."

"And what is *romantically* honourable, may I ask?" said Sir Arthur, with a keen glance, that made me think well before I replied:

"So honourable, that he would lose his right hand rather than do what he thinks mean or false."

"What *he thinks*!" echoed Sir Arthur. "Ay, there's the rub. There are few who would not do what *is* mean or false, if nobody could know of it. What is your opinion, Mr. Walker?"

"Mine, Sir Arthur?" said I, hesitating; "why, no doubt Roger *is* romantic; and I often tell him he will never get on by trying to be better than the rest of the world."

"I don't like romance, young man," said Sir Arthur, growing testy. "I *suspect* it. Mark my words: I suspect it."

And now we will go downstairs, and ask this romantic friend of yours a plain question or two."

"Be merciful, for God's sake, Sir Arthur," said Miss Compton. "Remember what is at stake for the poor young man."

"I do remember, my dear madam," rejoined he, severely; "and therefore I will be *just*. What say you, Mr. Compton? Is mercy to be preferred to justice?"

"Not so," replied Mr. Compton; "they are to be united. They are naturally akin; but you men of arms are apt to be a little severe, I know."

"Mr. Compton," retorted the soldier, growing sterner every moment, "my principle is *duty*; and I hold that those who violate it should take the consequences."

The kind-hearted parson shrugged his shoulders. Sir Arthur, with studious politeness, begged Miss Compton to lead the way, himself following; and to the drawing-room we all returned.

As we crossed the entrance-hall, Roger was entering the house.

"You have been for a walk, Mr. Walton?" said Sir Arthur, with formal civility.

"No," said Roger, "I had a letter to post; and I knew that some people were returning to Arkworth, so I have been getting one of them to post it for me."

Sir Arthur, who was evidently working himself up to a state of excessive suspiciousness, looked extremely wise on hearing this, and replied, with a slight touch of pomposity,

"I hope your letter was not of much importance, otherwise it would have been better to have sent it by the regular channel, in Miss Compton's afternoon letter-bag."

Roger seemed surprised, and stammered out something about preferring to send it by a messenger; and then, noticing Sir Arthur's penetrating look, began, as usual, to lose his self-possession and blush.

"You will excuse me," continued Sir Arthur, as we entered the drawing-room, "but I have a particular reason for saying that I hope the letter is not one of importance."

"Why, Sir Arthur? why should it not be? Most letters are of importance to the writer and to the receiver," replied Roger, getting more and more bewildered.

I myself suspected that the letter was to Louise Fanchette, and that Roger had been anxious that no one should see the address, and now was annoyed at being questioned in what he must have thought a very impertinent way. Sir Arthur, how-

ever, was in a humour to see cause for suspicion in every word that Roger uttered, and he appeared any thing but satisfied with his reply.

"We have made a rather unexpected discovery," said he, addressing himself to Roger.

"Indeed," said Roger; "I hope it will lead to something satisfactory."

"We hope so too, Mr. Walton," said Sir Arthur, significantly; whereat Roger stared at him, totally puzzled what to make of it all.

"This ring has been found in one of the drawers in the library," said Sir Arthur.

"Impossible!" cried Roger, examining the ring. "That is my ring. I was looking for it not ten minutes ago, when I wanted to seal my letter. Walker knows that it is mine, for he gave it me himself."

"Then no doubt you can account for its being found in the drawer immediately under that from which Miss Compton's papers were stolen last night. The fact is, that the ring must have fallen from the upper drawer through a large crack which there is in it."

Roger appeared thunderstruck. For a moment he was silent; then replied, in a voice almost hollow with emotion, and his cheeks pale as marble,

"I understand you now, Sir Arthur. You mean to imply that *I* have been to the drawer whence the papers were taken."

"No, not that exactly; I only mean that you are bound to explain how your ring came there."

"I am bound to nothing of the kind; I know no more than you do how the ring came there. I must have lost it; and some one must have found it, and put it there, to ruin me."

"Surely, my dear Mr. Walton," interposed Miss Compton, in the kindest possible manner, "you can tell us when you last had the ring."

"I can't, indeed," said he. "Till this morning I thought I had it on my finger, with this other ring."

"Cannot you call to mind the last occasion when you used it, or looked at it, or took it off?" asked Miss Compton.

"I cannot really. Sometimes I take my rings off for several days together; and I suppose I must have taken this off without knowing it," said Roger.

"Then, in fact, you *can* give us no account of how the ring came to be where we found it?" asked Sir Arthur. "Of course you understand that the theft will immediately be inquired into by the nearest magistrate, and that you will be

called upon to answer any questions that may be put to you."

"Not with *my* consent," cried Miss Compton. "I have the fullest confidence in this gentleman's honour; and I believe there is some mystery involved, which only time can clear up."

And she put out her hand to poor Roger, who took it, and wrung it convulsively.

"God bless you, my dear Miss Compton," he cried, the tears almost starting to his eyes; "you only do me justice. I call God to witness that I know nothing more than I have told you. Oh! mother, mother! what will you feel when you hear that I am suspected of so infamous a crime!"

Then, as if worked up to madness, he turned to the astonished baronet, exclaiming,

"How dare you insinuate this to me, sir? What right have you to charge me with being a thief and a liar? Is not my honour as dear to me, and those who love me, as yours is to you? If I am young, and with hardly any friends, and have to struggle for my bread; and you are old, and rich, and powerful,—does that give you any right to insult and trample on me? Mr. Compton, I appeal to you, sir: I know you have a kind and honest heart, and will stand my friend; say, have I not a right to be believed, as much as Sir Arthur Wentworth himself? I know I am foolish, and unsteady, and don't always think of appearances as much as I ought, as Walker is always telling me; but what have I ever done that should give a colour to this infamous accusation? Oh! Miss Compton, *you* believe me, I know you do."

The tears streamed down Miss Compton's cheeks as she listened to this passionate appeal; and she again gave him her hand, and assured him that she would stand his friend, whatever might happen.

"But you don't believe that I *could* do such a thing. Pray, say so," cried poor Roger. "I don't care what I suffer, or go through, if only you say you believe I am innocent, and will tell my mother so."

"I do, I do," said Miss Compton; "there must be something unexplained. We will have every one in the house examined; but whatever comes of it, I shall not doubt your truth for a moment."

"Nor shall I," added her brother. "Mr. Walton, there is my hand."

"Humph!" muttered Sir Arthur. "You will excuse me, my dear madam, for saying that the affair *must not* stop here. It is my *duty* to have it fully inquired into, and before the

proper judicial authorities. Mr. Walton's own sense of propriety will assent to what I say."

"I ask no favours of any man," rejoined Roger, who was regaining his composure, fortified by the sympathy of Miss Compton and her brother. "Do as you please, Sir Arthur. I can add nothing more, for I have nothing more to tell."

The rest of the day was spent in examinations and inquiries of all kinds; but nothing whatever was elicited in the way of information. News also came in, which made it so probable that no fresh attack was contemplated on the Hall, that Sir Arthur, having first seen the prisoners captured during the preceding night sent off under a strong escort, left for his own house. The gentry and landowners of the neighbourhood called in large numbers to hear the news, and express their condolences to Miss Compton, who seemed to stand very little in need of pity, and whose thoughts were so absorbed by the loss of the papers (which, however, was kept as much a secret as possible), that she had not much to offer in the way of conversation to her visitors; and before dark, Roger and myself were left alone with her. Miss Compton wished us to stay the night, I have little doubt out of compassion to Roger, who was dreadfully cast down; and seeing us hesitate as to accepting her invitation, she professed to wish to have the security of our presence, in case any thing should go wrong, though I well knew that every precaution had been taken. However, we could not refuse, and passed the evening by ourselves, as Miss Compton was too much fatigued to leave her room.

[To be continued.]

Reviews.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

The Life of Cardinal Wolsey. By George Cavendish, his Gentleman Usher. A new edition. London, Rivingtons.

THERE are some men who stand out in history as the types and personifications of their ages. The opinions and actions of those individuals indicate what their fellow-countrymen and contemporaries were hankering after and wishing for; so that by a close study of such eminent characters, we see, as in a microcosm, the summary of the principles prevalent at certain times. Wolsey furnishes us with an example of this kind with

regard to England; and many have thought that a complete and impartial memoir of him yet remains to be written.

Cavendish, whose work is on our table, held an office in his household, without having been enriched by it: a circumstance as rare as it is honourable. He evidently loved his master, and wrote accordingly: but for a hundred years the spiders had a monopoly of his lucubrations. It was not until the impeachment of Archbishop Laud, that they saw the light,—when publishers imagined that a little political or polemical capital might be made with the Long Parliament, by pandering to public prejudices against the ambition of prelacy in general. Puritanism, having but a small conscience and a large swallow, interpolated the original manuscript without shame or scruple. There was a particular point to be gained; and printed forgeries in those days were likely to last for a long time. It remained for Doctor Wordsworth, in his *Ecclesiastical Biography*, to render justice to the simple-hearted and honest-minded George Cavendish. His account is defective enough as to dates and arrangement; yet one always feels that he is telling us about what he saw with his own eyes and heard with his own ears.

The compilation of Richard Fiddes, an Anglican theologian, is elaborate and argumentative; not without use as an extensive collection of facts and authorities, but tainted with many Jacobite tendencies. The Doctor had an impediment in his speech, which prevented him from clearly articulating until he had swallowed about three glasses of wine. A still greater impediment, however, affected his pen and mind; which would never work well upon such a subject as Cardinal Wolsey, because his ruling idea was, that he might paint him as a sort of Protestant among Catholics, and yet at the same time a Catholic amongst Protestants. A nondescript absurdity, therefore, is the only result; agreeable in the eyes of the Non-jurors, who loathed Puritanism, with its long faces and longer sermons; but who lived and died unfavoured with that humility of spirit which alone could lead them into the true Church of Almighty God. Just as the present Puseyites have attempted several Lives of the Saints, a few Anglican scribes in the spirit of Queen Anne and Harley, Earl of Oxford, tried their hands upon Wolsey, More, and Fisher. Grove and Galt have done little better, though their aims were in other directions. The great founder of Christ Church has perhaps hitherto owed more to Shakespeare than to any historian; enshrined as his character appears in the drama of Henry VIII. and the chronicle of the faithful Griffith.

He was born in March, A.D. 1471, of highly respectable

parents, Robert and Joan Wolsey, who lived in the flourishing borough and market-town of Ipswich; and whose names are preserved by Rymer in the papal bull, authorising prayers for their souls, as well as that of their son Thomas the Cardinal, to be offered up on the part of all scholars and students sharing in the educational advantages provided for them by his eminence on the banks of the Isis and Orwell. It has shocked the prudery of modern delicacy to understand that Robert Wolsey was by trade a butcher; as if he stuck little pigs with his own hands for the pantries of Suffolk parsonages, bled the calves of Essex for the luxury of municipal magnates, or hung up hogs by the heels for the greasy chaw-bacons at Bury St. Edmonds. The fact was, that he flourished as a prosperous yeoman, possessing hydes of land, herds of oxen, flocks of sheep,—whilst not unfrequently his lambs and beeves were slaughtered, perhaps in his own shambles, but at all events on his own account and for profit. Rich farmers and proprietors were often in the habit of doing so towards the close of the fifteenth century; when a division of trades and occupations rarely prevailed with the accuracy of well-understood distinctions now generally in vogue. In other words, Robert Wolsey bore himself in the world as a burgher in affluent circumstances, rejoicing in the lively talents of his promising son Thomas, to whom he was able to afford the best education of their native town, before sending him to complete his humanities at Magdalen College, Oxford.

The times were favourable for the development as well the employment of genuine and practical abilities. The billows of civil war had subsided into comparative calmness under the sceptre of Henry VII. That astute and selfish sovereign found the aristocracy exhausted both in numbers and wealth, and therefore fully prepared, or at least compelled to submit its neck to a yoke of iron. Amongst the more middle classes a revival of old Saxon reminiscences had distinctly appeared. Symptoms of sturdy independence met with encouragement, rather than otherwise, from a monarch who wanted wealthy subjects to tax, and whose popularity was already out at elbows. The royal Tudor read Latin enough to construe the maxim *Tollere humiles et debellare superbos*, in the sense of keeping down the nobility and elevating the commonalty for his own purposes.

At the same time the anti-Papal feeling which had so long possessed a certain portion of the powerful classes was as rife as ever, and as ready to be swayed to the worst evils. Ever since the Norman invasion, there had come to be engrafted on the Anglo-Saxon mind an irreverent and unjust suspicion with

regard to the See of Rome. Instead of the affectionate and respectful attachment manifested by Robert Guiscard and his compeers to the spiritual Father of Christendom, on the sunny shores of Italy, the kinsmen and countrymen of that chivalrous warrior in England treated the Popes just as if the base birth of the Conqueror had passed by transfusion into his ecclesiastical relations. Nor were the Plantagenets wiser or better in their religious policy, as he that runs may read, in our varied history from the Constitutions of Clarendon to the last sovereign of the house of York, from the era of Edward I., who courted the sweet voices of the commons by legislation essentially anti-Roman, to the ambitious aspirations of Wolsey himself, who repented too late, that he had served his king better than his God. Our insular position perhaps helped to encourage this national disloyalty to the grand centre of unity, which was still more promoted by the residence of the Popes at Avignon. Being generally in French interests, these pontiffs were supposed to throw their weight unduly into the anti-English scale during the mighty contests between the Plantagenets and the Valesians for the Gallican crown. Lollardism at least assured many a gaping mob that it was so: which led to an identification in the popular mind of heresy and liberty leading to military glory, on the one side, as contrasted with the Papal Church and the court at Paris or Rheims on the other. Wyckliffe and his adherents thus made their most permanent, if not their deepest impressions, in the very garb of patriotism. Nor were princes or prelates by any means free from the infection of an analogous poison; both priests and people therefore suffered accordingly. The bonds of consecrated discipline relaxed; servility to the temporal sovereign grew rampant upon the ruins of all cordial faithfulness to Catholicism; while long before Erastus was heard of in Germany, his principles had gained amazing ground throughout the various countries of Europe. Christendom, in fact, was ripe for revolt and revolution.

No sooner had young Wolsey arrived at Oxford than the dons of that day marvelled at the quickness of his genius, as well as the extent of his attainments. At Ipswich he had distanced every competitor, to the intense delight of his parents; nor was his academical career less striking at Magdalen College. At an age when, if we may believe Erasmus and Dean Colet, every one of his male contemporaries had to be birched at least once a quarter, this son of a Suffolk grazier was opening his mouth in Latin disputations with Grocyn, Linacre, and Warham. Men of years and wisdom already deemed him a prodigy. At fifteen they admitted him to that degree which

confers the earliest scholastic rank upon an aspiring student ; styling him the Boy Bachelor from his precocious acuteness and progress in the schools. Soon afterwards he became Master of Arts, and was appointed teacher of grammar to the youthful classes in connection with Magdalen, but not as yet received into the college. About this period, and for the next quarter of a century, the entire university was in commotion. The study of Greek had been just imported from the continent, or at least those seeds and learned sowers had found their way over, which led to its revival. Wolsey was made bursar in A.D. 1498, and commenced building his matchless tower, still one of the noblest ornaments as a gem of architecture, amidst the groans of the Trojans ; for so those were then called who hated the language of Homer, and thought every novelty a monster. His intercourse with the great scholar, or rather master, from Rotterdam, began about the same period. Both of them loved to labour in the cause of learning ; both rushed into the literary contest of their times between barbarism and classical taste, with the same zeal which in our own younger recollections arrayed the gown against the town for less honourable objects ; whilst both of them, we are grieved yet bound to acknowledge, could waste their wit in bandying sneer for sneer at monks, to whom they were not worthy to hold a candle, or at pious institutions too good for their respective countries, and therefore about to be overthrown. Erasmus and Wolsey had sufficient reason in later life to remember, that *abusus non tollit usus*. The former had proved himself no saint when a resident in his monastery at Stein in Holland ; nor should either of these worthies have forgotten, that amidst the storms of the mediæval ages, their favourite authors would probably have perished, had not the asylum of the cloister rescued literature from the rude hands of the Huns and Goths, the Lombards and Vandals, or the ferocious Danes in our own island.

But the painful fact appears, that Wolsey was a worldly man. Literature, and even religion, might be all very well in its way ; yet fame, with the good things of this life, had at present more attractive charms. Hence whilst ambition unfurled or flapped her wings, the map of politics lay open before him, suggestive of the various arts whereby talents such as he felt himself to possess might find favour in high places. His first ecclesiastical preferment was the rectory of Lymington, in Somersetshire, conferred upon him in A.D. 1500 by the Marquis of Dorset, of whose three sons he had taken charge in his school at Magdalen, with so much success, that when their father sent for them home to enjoy the Christmas

holidays, their clever tutor was invited to accompany them. Charmed with the vivacity of his guest, and happening to have this benefice vacant, the noble host had him inducted at once; for though the living was small, the neighbourhood was good, not too far from Ilchester, and likely to lead to something still better from his bountiful patron. The Marquis, however, died the next year, regarded as an upstart by some of the old landed gentry, particularly Sir Amyas Paulet, of Hinton St. George, who beheld with green eyes the sudden elevation of the lucky descendants of the queen of Edward IV. Perhaps it arose from the ramifications of aristocratic jealousy, that the friends and dependants of the late peer were to be honoured with some rural persecution, the rector of Lymington not excepted. For the story goes, that at the annual wake of that village, its incumbent got so excited amongst the lads and lasses, that Sir Amyas, rather righteous overmuch, contrived to take umbrage at the excess of jollification, charged the poor parson with sanctioning what might have swollen into a riot, and *proh pudor!* put his reverence in the stocks. Proud as Wolsey was, we can fancy how hard the future Cardinal must have found it to digest the gibes of his parishioners; urchins making mouths at him; the constable all stiff and stark, with his staff of office in his hand; a few good-natured women here and there weeping; the huckster and husbandman passing by, or shrugging their shoulders. No sooner was he released, than he left the place incontinently; not resigning his incumbency, but shaking off the dust of his feet at least against his principal tormentor. In subsequent scenes of grandeur he never forgot his degradation; for which, when he afterwards took the seals as lord chancellor, he condescended to the mean revenge of arbitrarily committing Sir Amyas Paulet to the Temple, where he remained in confinement, within certain limits, for a term of from five to six years. Meanwhile Wolsey had hastened up to London, and procured the appointment of a domestic chaplainship to Henry Dean, then Archbishop of Canterbury. His Oxford reputation stood him in such excellent stead, that in 1503 he obtained a dispensation from Alexander VI. to hold a couple of livings at the same time. His spirits now rose with his fortunes, and both were sufficiently buoyant.

Cavendish has caught the spirit of the times, when he remarks, with no less quaintness than truth, that there are "wonderful and secret workes of God, and chaunces of fortune. I would wishe," he then adds, "all men in authority and dignity to knowe and feare God in all their triumphs and glory; considering in all their doings, that authority be not permanent,

but may slide and vanish as the pleasures of princes alter and change." The history of his master was to prove a striking illustration of these grave apothegms. Within a brief period, Archbishop Dean departed, being succeeded by Warham; so that Wolsey had to seek out a new protector in the person of Sir Richard Nanfan, of Birtsmorton, in Worcestershire, who was captain and treasurer of Calais, and esquire of the body to Henry VII. Through this gentleman it came to pass that his road to royal promotion was opened. The king happened to fall in with the witty and clever clerk from Suffolk, a favourable report from Sir Richard strengthened the fancy which his sovereign had from the first conceived, and the name of the new-comer quickly appeared on the muster-rolls of the palace. Pope Julius II., before the end of 1504, permitted him to take an additional living, the rectory of Redgrave, in Norfolk; upon which benefice, however, he did not enter until 1506. But meanwhile Wolsey was improving his interest at court, where, with an affable and plausible address, he contrived to be never in the way with powerful friends, and yet never out of the way. As a courtier, he watched for his opportunities, and turned them to account as they occurred. Henry had habits which combined method with economy; so that after hearing his new chaplain say Mass in the morning, he would call him into his closet for counsel about secular matters. Doctor Fox, then Bishop of Winchester, and Sir Thomas Lovell, Constable of the Tower, might be considered as the principal ministers of state, whom the rising favourite took care to flatter rather than offend. Wolsey ascended upon their shoulders towards the altitude at which he was aiming. The affairs of Calais had been abandoned by Sir Richard Nanfan very much to his management. Towards the autumn of 1507, there happened to be an urgent necessity for sending a smart envoy from London to the Emperor Maximilian, and Wolsey was employed on the occasion. Such were the expedition and success with which he executed his commission, that he found himself despatched a second time to the imperial court, and reaping more than one among the richest secondary preferments of the crown in consequence. The deanery of Lincoln, with two prebendaries in that cathedral, had fallen to his share before the accession of Henry VIII., in 1509; soon after which important event he obtained perpetual access to the young monarch as almoner and general favourite. There seems to have been a captivating grace about his manners perfectly irresistible. Polydore Virgil, moreover, tells us, that the gaiety of disposition which had so scandalised Sir Amyas Paulet in Somersetshire, produced very different effects in the

capital, and at Richmond or Windsor. For the amusement of princes and peers, when they condescended to seek his companionship, Wolsey danced, and sang, and caroused, with the levity and impetuosity of the most jovial votaries of pleasure. His object was doubtless to gain the ascendancy over the royal mind; in which, for good or for evil, he succeeded. The king, indeed, devoted a considerable portion of his time and attention to the cares of government; yet, whilst following in these respects the paternal example, Wolsey acquired the art, as Lingard observes, of guiding his sovereign, when even appearing to be guided by him. If ever he urged a measure of policy contrary to the royal inclinations, he manifested the prudence to desist before offence could be taken; nor would he fail entering into the views of his despotic master, with as much industry and zeal as if they had actually originated from himself. In other words, he devoted himself to the potentates of this world, and received their wages in return. The devil must have smiled at his game.

Courtiers soon discovered the power of the almoner with regard to prizes, patronage, advancement, and places. Nor did they pretend to be less edified at the humility always shown by Wolsey to his old and warm friend, Bishop Fox, who had taken him up on the decease of Sir Richard Nanfan. His path appeared to be paved with preferments. Besides his lucrative office as distributor of the royal bounty, he was made successively a privy councillor and reporter to the Star-Chamber, rector of Torrington in the diocese of Exeter, canon of Windsor, registrar to the Order of the Garter, and prebendary as well as dean of York. To these golden pluralities were afterwards added the deanery of Hereford and precentorship of St. Paul's, which he resigned on attaining the bishopric of Lincoln; connected with which promotion he also became chancellor to the Order of the Garter, holding, moreover, the enormously rich abbacy of St. Alban's *in commendam*, and the wealthy see of Tournay in Flanders; this last being a sheer usurpation of conquest, since its rightful occupant had been neither legally nor ecclesiastically deposed. When that city was delivered up to the French in 1518, he secured a pension for life of 12,000 livres saddled on the episcopal revenues restored to their proper owner. But in the self-same year of his enthronisation at Lincoln, he obtained within six months the archbishopric of York; he was nominated a cardinal, and made lord chancellor, before Christmas, 1515; assumed his legantine authority soon afterwards; added successively to his commendams the large sees of Bath and Wells, Durham, Worcester, Hereford, and Winchester, besides his embassies to

Charles V. and Francis I. in 1521 and 1527, to say nothing of the pecuniary allowances, or annual bribes, which he received from foreign powers, such as 3000 silver pieces from Spain, 9000 crowns of gold from the Emperor, and 10,000 ducats from the duchy of Milan. We enumerate these matters partly to give our readers some idea of the abuses of the age, and the wonderful Reformation called for and effected by the Council of Trent; and partly to display the real avidity of Wolsey, however palliated it might seem to be by his generosity and munificence. His accumulations of income were rife and palpable; his resignations of any commendam, for example, were both reluctant and rare. Twice he aimed at the Popedom, with efforts which might justify the reproaches of good Queen Catherine :

“ He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach,—ever ranking
Himself with princes; one that by suggestion
Tithed all the kingdom; simony was fair play.”

Such were some of the characteristics under which this remarkable personage entered upon the political world, in which for twenty years he was destined to bear a very prominent part. His public career, indeed, may be said to have commenced with the reign of Henry VIII., around whose throne stood Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury; the Earl of Surrey as Lord Treasurer; Fox, still Bishop of Winchester and Lord Privy Seal; Sir Thomas More, the pious and pleasant author of *Utopia*, who was not, however, placed at the head of the Exchequer until 1520; and Brandon, afterwards Duke of Suffolk, and brother-in-law to the sovereign, through his marriage with the Princess Mary. Wolsey overshadowed them all; but his great foil and rival was the metropolitan. Never were two eminent statesmen so singularly contrasted, and at the same time in such curious juxtaposition with each other. Erasmus tells us, that what enabled Warham to sustain the various cares and toils of his high station was his being *omnis in hoc* for whatever business he had in hand, whether small or great. No one of his hours was ever wasted in hunting, gaming, idle or trifling conversation, or, least of all, in voluptuousness and luxury. Literature formed his solitary recreation. Even with his noblest guests, he never spent more than an hour at dinner. His entertainments were splendid and liberal, suited to the dignity of his rank; but pressing every dainty upon others, he never touched aught but the plainest food himself, abstaining generally from wine, and allowing only a little small beer for his daily beverage. He set his face against superfluous dress, ostentation in equipages or ban-

quets; but, above all, buffoonery and slander were the objects of his abhorrence, for he considered them as the serpents of society. His conversation, habits, and manners, seemed always to rebuke those of his brother Archbishop, as the latter not unfrequently felt, without having the humility to acknowledge it.

Ancient controversies were revived to set up York against Canterbury. England had seldom seen, even amongst her princes, such secular pomp and grandeur as Wolsey soon affected. His household, on its most magnificent scale, comprised from eight hundred to a thousand persons. The three ranks of attendants in his general hall had respectively at the head of each division a priest, a knight, and an esquire, as steward, treasurer, and comptroller. His kitchen presented the perfect organisation of an empire in gastronomy. There were clerks of the dresser and the spicery; yeomen of the common and silver scullery, the pastery, the wafery, the saulcery, the buttery, the ewery, the chaundery, the laundry, and the cellers; grooms, labourers, pages, sumpter-men, footmen, gardeners, porters, muleteers, farriers, saddlers, and subordinates without end; whilst in the privy-kitchen "there went daily up and down a master-cook in velvet, or in satin, with a chaine of gould, with two yeoman attendants, and labourers six in the same room!" Well might Warham exclaim as he did against the extravagance at York House; and when, at an interview between Henry and Charles V., Wolsey had taken upon him to publish an order that the clergy should appear in gorgeous costume of silk or damask, the quiet metropolitan just set it at nought by appearing in his usual clothes, quite sufficient as they were for any public occasion that was merely secular. The furniture of the Cardinal's 'chappell' passed the capacity of his honest biographer to describe aright, so costly were the jewels and ornaments, the copes and other vestments, with the cross and pillars which had to be carried before the aspirant to the chair of Christ's Vicar upon earth. When he became Lord Chancellor, nearly all his former splendours seemed to double in brilliancy and absurdity. The shine was taken out of royalty itself by his train of equestrian and pedestrian officials, the chaplains, heralds, sergeants, bannerets, minstrels, tent-keepers, and armourers. At first the nation fell in to the novelty of the affair, as being more to the public taste than the penurious and repulsive economy of the last reign, when the founder of the Tudors pounced upon all that could be reached by the talons of government, without rendering back again any general festivities in return. Yet before long, both prince and people felt that the magnificence of the minis-

ter had been carried too far. The permanency, or at least the frequency of such exhibitions palled on the appetite even of sight-seers: whilst envy, hatred, and malice, were preparing their various machinations to overthrow the pride of an upstart, and astonish all Christendom with the results of his degradation and ruin.

His administration, as preponderating adviser to the king and governor of the state, must be admitted to have been sufficiently defective. His talents were so many slaves of the Lamp and the Ring, as in the story of Aladdin amongst the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. Henry, the future apostate from his faith, the oppressor of his subjects, and the murderer of his wives, wore the magic circlet on his finger, and held by the handle that marvellous lantern of enchantment, to be thrown aside when they had finished their work, or become superseded by more powerful fascinations; as the Cardinal found to his cost. Dating the plenitude of his political influence from 1510, before he avowedly took the seals of high office, it was already visible that the policy of the late monarch would be persevered in, of curbing the ambition of the nobility, and courting popularity with the more middle classes. This was to be done indeed after the fashion of a royal Rob Roy; nor were the frogs too loudly to complain, should a stork or a hydra be set over them, *Qui dente aspero corripere singulas*. The peace of the country was preserved about as well as it had been by the stocks, the pillory, and the gallows; all three, however, being in frightful activity, besides the accompanying horrors of pestilential prisons, the shears, the branding irons, and the cat-o'-nine-tails. Great violence often occurred in the name of the crown, through the caprices of its various officers, for which no adequate redress could be procured; as in the case of Sir Amyas Paulet. Hallam merely observes that the courts of justice were not strong enough, whatever might be their temper, to chastise such aggressions; juries, through intimidation or ignorance, returned the verdicts which they fancied might be agreeable to the great; and in general perhaps there was little restraint upon the executive, except in the two particulars of levying money and enacting laws.

To put the hand of the sovereign into the pocket of the subject has always proved a delicate and dangerous operation since the days of King John and Magna Charta. Wolsey startled the House of Commons in 1523, by asking at once for the then enormous sum of 800,000*l.*! He proposed that it should be raised by an impost of one-fifth, or twenty per cent on lands and goods, in order to prosecute the war just commenced against France. Sir Thomas More, in the chair as

Speaker, is said to have urged acquiescence; but the Anglo-Saxon soul, stirred by a demand for so much money, appointed a committee of remonstrance, foolishly asserted that the sum exceeded the whole current coin of the kingdom, and that to raise the subsidy was simply impossible. The Cardinal knew better, and acted accordingly. Down to St. Stephen's he came, mounted upon his palfrey, and with all his attendants: thus far exceeding, as well as anticipating, the later yet more modest intrusiveness of Charles I. It must have been a trying moment for members. They received him, nevertheless, with dignity; simply asserting their independence, and that they were accustomed to debate by themselves. After discussions, continuing for sixteen days, an inferior grant was offered, to be spread by instalments over a period of four years. Wolsey accepted the capitulation; but setting aside the terms, compelled the people to pay up the entire subsidy at once. There was no real help for them. Our boasted constitution was like the familiar spirits of whom we hear in the Old Testament, whispering out of the ground, and more dreaded or talked about than palpable. In the gradations of social rank, the nobles, knights, gentry, burgesses, yeomanry, or small freeholders, were as yet neither sufficiently numerous, intelligent, nor united, to encounter with any well-arranged opposition the thunders of the crown or the menaces of its minister. As to the peasantry and labourers, although the condition of mere villenage had become rare, no extraordinary succession of generations had elapsed since a considerable proportion of them lay under the ignominious thralldom of that state. The mode, therefore, of filling the royal exchequer was very much the process of exaction adopted by the beggar in *Gil Blas*, or by highwaymen in Thibet;—a sort of civil *stand and deliver*,—a kind of benevolence asked for in the name of God and the king,—but ready to be backed by a bullet, if necessary. A worthy predecessor of Warham, Cardinal Morton, reserved what was called *his fork* for such occasions. When soliciting contributions to the state for his master, the first Tudor, he told those merchants and others who lived handsomely, that their ability to pay was manifested by their rate of expenditure; whilst he informed those, on the other hand, whose style of living was less sumptuous, that they must have grown rich by their economy. Either class, as he said, could well afford assistance to their sovereign; and consequently, in a pecuniary sense, he impaled them on one prong or other of his curious dilemma. Wolsey well remembered the precedent, and acted upon it with a logic unanswerable.

The pleasures of the court, as well as the expenses of his

foreign policy, soon exhausted the vast treasures accumulated during the late reign (which probably in their amount were always a good deal exaggerated); although both tonnage and poundage had been conferred upon Henry in his first parliament. In 1522, we find him borrowing 20,000*l.* from the City of London; and within two months afterwards, commissioners are appointed throughout the counties to swear every man to the value of his possessions, requiring a rateable part according to such declarations. The clergy were expected to yield a fourth, and benefices above ten pounds in annual value no less than a third. Warham wrote to Wolsey in vain: not that he was disposed to be niggardly himself in the business, for he wondered that people could be so "wrong-headed about their worldly gear;" but the English hierarchy and priesthood stood upon their privilege to concede pecuniary grants only in Convocation, denying, moreover, the right of the Crown to impose taxes without parliamentary authority. Both rich and poor agreed in cursing the Cardinal as the subverter of their laws and liberties. He had at length to give way, when an insurrection broke out in his native county; and voluntary benevolences were resorted to, with what success we are not informed. Three years afterwards, illegal commissions for levying contributions again appeared. Compositions settled matters in a majority of instances, no doubt: the unscrupulous instrument of a despotic ruler had but one course to pursue: and the best apology for him was, that when his ruin admitted another set of men to power, the nation, finding itself much worse off than before, looked back with useless regret to the brighter period of his dazzling though oppressive administration.

At this era of his life, however, he shone out before Europe as a paragon of courtiers. If he seemed to be accumulating mountains of wealth, he dispensed, it was thought, only less freely than he received. Many of his vast revenues were expended indeed in a manner which ought subsequently to have occasioned him the deepest humiliation: others were employed on those monuments of architecture which have immortalised his genius and spirit. Yet to maintain his ascendancy over the hard and hollow heart of Henry involved him in incessant outlay. In 1514, he began to build Hampton Court; and having finished it, with all its sumptuous furniture and decorations, in 1528, he presented it to his master, who gave him the palace of Richmond for a residence in return. Meanwhile, masquerades, revels, tournaments, and festivities, exhausted the coffers of the Church, regaled or amused the opulent, who already were clothed in purple and fine

linen, defrauded the poor, and disgraced his own sacred vocation. The following extract describes one of the more harmless exhibitions of this sort, whence we may readily infer what others were :

“ When it pleased the King’s majesty, for his recreation, to re-
paire unto the Cardinall’s house, as he did diverse times in the yeare,
there wanted no preparation, or goodly furniture, with viandes of
the finest sorte, that could be gotten for money or friendshippe.
Banquettes were set forthe, with masques and moumeries in so gor-
geous and costly a manner, that *it was a heaven to behold !* There
wanted no dames nor damoselles, meet or apt to daunce with the
maskers, or to garnish the place for that time with other goodly dis-
portes. I have seen the kinge come sodainly thither in a maske,
with a dozen maskers all in garments, like shepardes, made of fine
cloathe of golde, and fine crimson satten paned [that is shaded in
angular compartments] and cappes of the same, with vizors of good
proportion ; their heares and beardes either of fine gold wier, or of
silver, or else of good blacke silke ; having sixteene torch-bearers,
besides three drummes :—and then, upon his landing, the gunnes
were shote off, which made such a rumble in the ayer, that it was
like thunder.”

It was from scenes like these, and some others which were
far worse, since wantonness and gambling were allowed to rule
the roast, that a deterioration of court manners set in, partly
the causes, and partly the symptoms, of an approaching change
in religion. For it will be observed, that the policy of Wol-
sey appeared to sanction the superiority of the temporal over
the spiritual power. He may be said literally to have played
the fool for the kingdom of this world’s sake. In him the
mitre and crozier were now and then laid aside for the cap and
bells and willow-wand of harlequin himself, to fawn more
successfully on a cruel secular tyrant, about, at no great ds-
tance of time, to apostatise from the Church of God. On
assuming the seals as Lord Chancellor in 1515, when Arch-
bishop Warham had resigned them, he increased the number
of his enemies, but certainly illustrated the strength of his
capacity. Unacquainted with the subtleties of legal pro-
cedures, he always decided according to the dictates of his
own judgment ; and whilst availing himself of the knowledge
and experience of others, the versatility and superiority of his
talents enabled him to manifest an amount of practical equity
universally admitted and applauded. He laid himself out to
appease domestic quarrels, and reconcile those who were at
variance with each other. Courts of arbitration and requests
were established for the relief and assistance of the poorer
classes of suitors. In the ordinary dispensation of justice,

Lingard assures us, upon the authority of Godwin, useful improvements demonstrated the ruling mind of a master; whilst he made it his peculiar care to punish such offenders with severity as had defrauded the revenue or fleeced the commonalty. "But his reputation, and the ease with which he admitted suits, overcrowded the Chancery with petitioners: he found himself quickly overwhelmed with a multiplicity of business; and the king, to relieve him, established four subordinate courts, of which that under the presidency of the Master of the Rolls is still preserved." Westminster Hall must have presented a magnificent spectacle during term-time; with the embroidered hangings all around his scarlet canopy; the broad Seal of England laid on a table in front, beneath the shadow of his gorgeous hat, covering the golden mace and other insignia of his office; a conclave of clerks, lawyers, scribes, and secretaries, costumed, and busy on his right hand and left; his own rich flowing robes of silk and ermine, as he sat on gilded cushions, holding to his nostrils an orange, out of which the pulp had been scooped, and its room carefully occupied with fragrant essences and aromatics, for a specific against the contagion of plague or sweating sickness; whilst the mob of anxious clients, or wondering idlers, gazed in mute astonishment at the superb pole-axes, halberds, pillars, and crosses, arranged in state before the presence of the mighty Cardinal!

Wolsey's attention at intervening seasons indulged itself in a wider range. The nation, throughout the previous lapse of a century and a half, had possessed little weight in foreign politics, with the exception of some fallacious results growing out of the triumph at Agincourt. It was perhaps by Wolsey that the most important and enduring foundations were laid for that influence which subsequently secured for the British crown so potential a voice in continental affairs. The information he contrived to obtain with respect to secret transactions carried forward in every court and capital of Europe, afforded him opportunities and advantages for preserving that balance of power between France and Austria which seems to have been his constant object. To this cause should be referred those mutations of conduct, otherwise unaccountable, which led him first to desert the House of Valois, and support its rival; until the latter acquiring too large a preponderance, he fell back upon former alliances, and laboured to repair the fallen fortunes of the Capetian family. His despatches, observes a distinguished historian, of which many are still extant, show that he was accustomed to pursue every event into its probable consequences; so that his agents at Paris, Brussels,

Milan, Rome, Vienna, or Madrid, found themselves thus furnished beforehand with instructions adapted to each contingency. In truth, so long as Wolsey presided over the councils of Henry, not only was he personally respected or feared by other statesmen and rulers, but the king himself held the distinguished position of acting as the royal arbiter of the conflicts then raging from the Baltic to the Bosphorus. Had the Cardinal been as sound an ecclesiastic as he was a brilliant courtier, his country might have enshrined his memory in her warmest regards: as legate, he is said to have exercised without delicacy his adventitious superiority over the Archbishop and province of Canterbury; and to have drawn to his courts the cognisance of causes which belonged to that primate: but the question of right between them admitted of much dispute; and it is acknowledged on the other hand, that he reformed many abuses in the Church, and compelled the secular and regular clergy to live according to the canons. To this asseveration of one of his advocates, it must be replied, that he had already compromised the independence of that hierarchy of which he was so distinguished a member, through promoting the exaltation of the regality on which his mere private or personal grandeur was erected. His connivance at the caprices and passions of the sovereign had inflamed the appetites and madness of a temporal despotism, destined before many summers were over to produce a catastrophe worthy of the spirit of Antichrist. His own morals were not free from stain: his own laxity of faith had rendered him careless with regard to the extension of heresy in the land; and his own grasp had already been laid upon conventual and monastic property. It is true, indeed, that in 1521, he procured a formal condemnation of Lutheranism by an assembly of divines convened at his own house; that he also published the bull of Leo X., with the usual tokens of respect; and that, so far as professions went, he officially discouraged the circulation of various treatises against the true religion; but it is also certain that practically he screened the growth of such popular novelties as undermined the spiritual, whilst they aggrandised the secular power; so that he could hold a higher tone with the Holy See, from which he obtained perpetual extensions of his legantine jurisdiction, exercising at length within his native realm almost all the prerogatives of the Roman Pontiff. He wished to be an English Ximenes; but he lacked the personal sanctity, as well as the imperial disinterestedness of that majestic and matchless Spaniard.

The glorious foundations, however, at Alcala, were not beyond the limits of imitation; nor can any one withhold from

Cardinal Wolsey that admiration which he so well deserved as a patron of literature. On the more learned amongst his own countrymen he heaped encouragement; and the most eminent foreigners were invited to Oxford and Cambridge. When on a visit to the former with good Queen Catherine, in 1518, he intimated to the University his intention of endowing lectures on theology, civil law, physic, philosophy, mathematics, rhetoric, Greek, and Latin; and in the following year, three of these at once commenced, with ample salaries, in the hall of Corpus Christi. The members of convocation manifested their gratitude by a solemn decree that he should be intrusted with the revisal and correction of their statutes; Cambridge soon afterwards paying him a similar compliment. His larger design was publicly announced in 1524; two years having then elapsed since his educational benefactions at Ipswich for forming a sort of nursery there, to prepare pupils for what was to be Cardinal's College at Oxford. This seminary, in his own town, is said to have rivalled Eton and Winchester, so long as it lasted. The future Christ Church, which was the grand legacy of his ambition, thus slightly varied in its title, comprised a dean, twelve canons, and a numerous choir; but it was originally conceived on a far more splendid scale, with an additional sub-dean, sixty canons of a superior order, forty of an inferior rank, besides ten public lecturers, thirteen chaplains, an organist, a dozen clerks, and sixteen choristers. To realise such visions of ecclesiastical magnificence, bulls had been obtained, and almost usurped, for the suppression of twenty-two priories and nunneries, including the Canons Regular of St. Frideswide. The following year, when the dissolution of the monasteries had removed the episcopal see from Oseney Abbey to the new cathedral church of Christ in Oxford, Henry VIII. consigned all the estates and property remaining from his original seizure to the dean and chapter, on condition of their maintaining one head, eight canons, eight chaplains, as many clerks, and an organist, besides eight choristers, sixty students, forty grammar scholars, a schoolmaster, and an usher. Other modifications occurred of a later date. The great bell was brought from Oseney Abbey; where it once swung in the high tower, summoning the religious to their services with its solemn and sonorous sounds, emanating from seventeen thousand pounds weight of metal. Wolsey built the kitchen, the noble hall, and the greater portion of the large quadrangle, 264 by 261 feet square. His cruel master vainly attempted to impose his own name upon the enterprise; but, amidst the just execrations of mankind, the effort was defeated, in analogy with the injustice of Ptolemy

Soter, who endeavoured to deprive of his genuine fame the architect of the celebrated Pharos.

The decline and fall of Wolsey had, long before they happened, been desired by the nation, and contrived by his adversaries. His rapacity and profusion were undeniable: yet it was through the operation of other and more delicate causes that the catastrophe came to be effected at last. Catherine, the daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain, had been, at least formally, married to Arthur, the elder brother of Henry; on whose decease, the avaricious father of the young princes proposed a transfer of the nominal widow to the new heir-apparent. Of course, with Henry VII. the mere object was an enormous dowry; but Warham, perhaps believing that the nuptials had been consummated between Arthur and Catherine, remonstrated in very strong terms against the measure, which he stigmatised as preposterous, being neither honourable before men nor pleasing to God. Fox, bishop of Winchester, and patron to Wolsey, adopted an opposite opinion, insisting that a papal dispensation would remove all impediments. The union took place, as is well known. The queen was in her twenty-sixth year at the time; a model of patience and saintliness,—beautiful and amiable, but with somewhat uncertain health, and seven years older than her consort. They had three sons and two daughters; of whom the sole survivor was the Princess Mary. No husband could have well been happier than Henry, until he transgressed the sacramental limits of matrimony—first with Elizabeth Tailbois, and afterwards with Mary Boleyn. The names of the obscurer mistresses have escaped from the page of history or the pen of scandal. But Anne Boleyn, the younger daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, ultimately captivated the royal lover, who now began openly to express his scruples as to the lawfulness of having married his brother's widow. With odious hypocrisy, he doubted whether the deaths of their children in infancy, as well as some subsequent miscarriages, might not be attributable to the curse of heaven. The suggestion of a divorce was attributed by the emperor abroad and the public at home to Wolsey, who used to deny or boast of it, as best suited his immediate purposes; but at all events, when the passion of the king became clearly ungovernable, the Cardinal sanctioned his wicked wishes, and even ventured to assure their complete success. To nothing less than marriage would the young lady listen. She was clever, attractive, brilliant, and voluptuous; artfully deriving wisdom from the fate of her fallen sister, and tempering her resistance to the advances of the monarch with so many blandishments, that his hopes, though repeatedly

disappointed, were never totally extinguished. Catherine, to whom her fair rival had been maid of honour, henceforward trod upon a path of thorns with so much dignity, patience, and resignation, that Henry himself occasionally gave utterance to an involuntary homage of admiration. His minister, indeed, she had learned to abhor, with that instinctive detestation of double-dealing which the highest virtue invariably manifests; and which dissimulation had induced Wolsey, in his first letter to Cassali, instructing him to press for a divorce at Rome, to expatiate on the piety and uprightness of his master: *Deumque primo et ante omnia ac animæ suæ quietem et salutem respiciens!* This was on the 5th of December, 1527, when the Cardinal also directs his correspondent to draw the attention of his Holiness to the present condition of Italy and Christendom, with hints sufficiently significant as to the restoration of papal authority wherever it might have been impugned; and to extort from the Pontiff, then in captivity, his signature to the commission therewith sent, authorising Wolsey to proceed at once in the matter.

It has been fancied by some writers that the Cardinal was not aware, at the commencement, for whose exaltation he was thus really labouring; but that, as a mere politician, he was looking out for a French princess, through whose marriage with Henry an alliance between England and France, with the consolidation of his own personal influence at court, might be indefinitely perpetuated. The Spanish party had deemed him their deadly enemy always; whilst it is just possible, that for their more complete mortification it was, that he urged upon his foreign correspondents the substitution, in the room of Catherine, of either Renée, daughter to the late Louis XII., or Margaret Duchess of Alençon. Yet it is hardly possible that so keen and accurate an observer should have failed to fathom the genuine depths and shallows of the whole business, especially after Anne Boleyn had sent to the king several learned priests and theologians in her own interest, who, according to Cardinal Pole, originated both the royal scruples and the mode for relieving them. Wolsey may also have persuaded his secret mind that the present amour would terminate like so many others; and an evident impression, on the part of Anne, that the minister clung to some such idea from political motives helped to form the basis for a dislike of him not less intense than that of the aggrieved queen and her adherents. In fact, the perplexing state of parties altogether, revolving as they did round the madness of human and despotic passion, rather than any well-understood principles; the confusion of affairs throughout Europe, arising from the ecclesias-

tical revolt in Germany; the ambition of the house of Austria; the sack of Rome; the unfaithfulness of countries and potentates only nominally Catholic; and the aggregation of royal and aristocratic vultures, ravenous for the too rich revenues of the Church,—so acted upon Wolsey in his tortuous course, that he escaped neither Scylla nor Charybdis, but, losing his compass entirely, the argosy of his fortunes struck against the one, and went to pieces in the other. After his splendid embassy to Abbeville and Amiens, in 1527, had issued in a joint declaration from Henry and Francis, that so long as Clement VII. remained a prisoner the concerns of each national Church should be conducted by its own bishops, and that the judgment of the Cardinal, in his legatine court at London, should be invested with pontifical authority for effecting the desired divorce,—the inflamed desires of his tyrannical sovereign began to chafe at the temporary delays which might be considered inseparable from any ecclesiastical formalities whatsoever. During his absence, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk had coalesced with Anne Boleyn and her father. The king's distrust of his once favourite adviser took deep root in an evil soil. Henry even allowed him to learn, from direct missives, that he thought his suggestions proceeded more from a wish to gratify private ambition than to promote the cause of his master. Knight, the secretary of the royal closet, was despatched to Rome, with directions to visit Wolsey on his way, although without communicating his instructions. The latter had gone to Compiègne, to pay some suitable respect to Louise, the mother of Francis, from further intercourse with whom he was recalled to England.

On his return home, Henry took an opportunity of communicating his fixed determination for marrying Anne Boleyn. The minister affected to receive the intelligence with surprise, falling upon his knees to entreat his withdrawal from a project so pregnant with disgrace. That the surprise was genuine, we do not believe, as already intimated; but to maintain appearances with the French court at Compiègne, after what had recently passed, it was no doubt necessary to assume it. At all events, he forthwith became a convert to the measure, and laboured by his subsequent services "to atone for the crime of having dared to dispute the pleasure of his sovereign." Sir Thomas More was now called in to give an opinion on the knotty question at issue; but pleading his ignorance of theology, he suspended his judgment. Fisher, the bishop of Rochester, concluded, after a severe investigation, that the king could not be lawfully separated from Catherine; whilst the Cardinal meanly employed the whole force of his influence to

render the divorce popular, and bind the nation to his recent French alliance. Clement, on escaping out of St. Angelo to Orvieto, in December 1527, received the English envoys, Knight and Cassali, in succession, whose representations only augmented his perplexities; for the position of his Holiness must have been any thing rather than enviable, situated directly as he was between the fiery hostilities and intrigues of Madrid, Paris, and London. One grand point was to effect the gratification of Henry's wishes, if they could be gratified at all, in such a manner as that no objection should be raised to the legitimacy of his issue, either by his present or any subsequent marriage. Francis and the emperor both felt that their personal honour attached itself to the rights of the Princess Mary, heiress-apparent to the crown of the Tudors, daughter of Catherine the aunt of Charles, and politically espoused to the Duke of Orleans. The ultimate result was, that the two Cardinals, Campeggio and Wolsey, were united in a commission to "inquire summarily into the validity of the dispensation" under which Henry and Catherine had contracted wedlock, and to divorce the parties should it be proved invalid; yet, at the same time, legitimate their offspring, upon their joint solicitation for that purpose. Anne Boleyn and Henry avowed themselves perfectly satisfied.

Indeed, no one seemed disheartened or disappointed, except the aggrieved victim, and the miserable servant of her aggressor. The queen agonised in secret, and called not vainly upon her God. Wolsey, having sown the wind, had to reap the whirlwind, as he richly deserved. The latter discerned, when too late, the perils that threatened him. Should the divorce succeed, there would come to be "a night-crow" at the royal ear, whispering eternal suspicions, and thereby blighting his cherished power, at least with the mildew of insinuation, if not by the support of an avowed coalition between the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk and the Lord Rochford, Anne's father, all and each incensed against the Cardinal and the French alliance. Should it fail, then might his life as well as fortune be the forfeit; since his fear never allowed him to forget the query of Ecclesiastes, *Quid est homo, ut resistere possit regem factorem suum?* To be prepared for the worst, he hastened to complete his architectural designs, and procure the legal endowment of his colleges at Oxford and Ipswich. Some of his more confidential friends were informed, that should the storm be but once over, and the affairs of the crown perfectly established, he would "retire from court, and devote his remaining days to ecclesiastical duties." He assured the Pontiff that one thing only could preserve him from

ruin; which was, that his Holiness should forthwith sign the decretal bull, and thus annul the former nuptials. But these were the cries of a drowning man; nor had Clement any intention or disposition to commit himself with the emperor a moment earlier than necessity might compel him to do it. Perhaps, also, there were seasons when remorse awoke; for we find him about this time commissioning Gardiner, as his agent, to make out a case at Rome, and consult some of the best canonists as to whether he could or could not, with a safe conscience, pronounce for the divorce, on the seat of judgment, with his colleague Campeggio. He even ventured, on a single occasion, to remind Henry, that having to render an account hereafter to a higher tribunal, he had determined to show his majesty no more favour than justice required, "whatever might be the consequences"—expressions which only deepened the humiliation of the minister making them, when they were retracted or scattered before the tempest of menaces showered upon his devoted head. It must not be forgotten, however, that religion itself was at its lowest ebb; that when an envoy pressed the Pope, on behalf of the king of England, and another opposed him on the part of Charles, each potentate had significantly *hinted the continuance of his future obedience to the Holy See as contingent upon the treatment he should receive at the hands of the Church*. An outbreak of the sweating sickness, like our own cholera, produced some effect upon the people and their rulers for a very brief interval. No rank seemed exempted from its ravages: the favourite mistress and her father fell ill, and were removed into the country; the monarch himself got alarmed for his life, shut himself up from all communication with strangers, joined his pious and sorrowful consort in her devotional exercises, returned to her bed at night as formerly, confessed from day to day, received holy communion every Sunday and festival, revived his esteem for the Cardinal, and manifested the greatest anxiety even about his health. Wolsey had eloped from his ordinary residence, written out his last testament, which he transmitted for the private perusal of his sovereign, reiterated his protestations of submission to his will, and that he was beginning to "order himself anent God!" No sooner, however, had Anne Boleyn recovered, than she recommenced her web of entanglement for the royal affections. She even endeavoured to conciliate the Cardinal with effusions of the most fulsome flattery, since he now seemed again in favour with her lover, and the arrival of Campeggio might be daily expected. It would not have been consistent with her purposes to leave a stone unturned, at whatever cost of propriety or mortification.

The fruitless investigation of the two legates is well known, with the dignified appearance and withdrawal of the persecuted Catherine. Their commission only empowered them to determine the validity of the bull of Julius II., as it turned out when the documents came to be narrowly sifted. Much might have been promised beyond this; but it proved clear that the power of actual performance went no further. In February 1529, news suddenly arrived that Clement was dying, if he had not already expired; so that once more ambition and selfishness enjoyed a gleam of hope; and the grand object now was, with both the kings of England and France, to place their supple and venal instrument in the pontifical chair. But his Holiness baffled every expectation, whether of friends or foes: he recovered, as by miracle. Henry grew peevish and desperate; foreign affairs were rapidly tending to a reconciliation between the courts of Paris and Madrid; the influence of Wolsey again declined, since Anne and the lords of the council laid the whole blame on his shoulders; Clement revoked his authorisation for any further prosecution of the inquiry in London, and summoned the king of England, as a mere matter of form, to appear by proxy at Rome, under a penalty of ten thousand ducats; and the faction which was in sympathy with Protestantism thus culminated.

It is, of course, no province of ours to describe minutely the steps which Wolsey had now to tread in descending from his altitude of fortune. Few of them, until we reach the last, reflect any honour upon his memory. The overthrow of the great minister being decided upon, two bills were filed against him for having transgressed the statute of *premunire*, through acting as legate, although he had previously obtained a license from the crown for his procedures, which were, in fact, sanctioned by immemorial usage, as well as by parliament. But feeling that his hour had arrived, he made little resistance, and retreated before his enemies in despair. On the 17th of October 1529, he resigned the great seal, and transferred to the king his whole personal estate, to the value of five hundred thousand crowns, which was soon followed by the unconditional surrender of his ecclesiastical revenues. With permission, he retired for an interval to Esher, a country-seat connected with his bishopric of Winchester. Now and then there occurred fitful flashes of favour, still shown him by Henry, either from caprice, or just to convince his new ministers that there was an older one yet alive. The latter, unfortunately, met them with the meanest submissiveness; whilst the former kept stirring the coals of royal displeasure, being well aware that they had gone too far to desist from their object with

safety. They represented him as an ungrateful and insatiable parasite, who had sought little beyond his own fame, ascendancy, and gratification; "and attempted to show, from one of his letters, which had fallen into their hands, that in pretending to promote, he had clandestinely opposed, or at least retarded, the project of divorce."

In the following month of December, articles of impeachment, brought against him in the House of Commons, were thrown out through the agency of Thomas Cromwell, and the secret sanction of the king. Distress of mind, about Christmas, nearly brought him to the door of death: his temporary restoration to health he attributed, in courtly language, to the sympathy of his royal master. Upon an arrangement that he should retain his archbishopric, with an additional annuity of one thousand marks per annum, and a general pardon from the crown, he was first allowed to exchange Esher for Richmond, and then sent into Yorkshire. Two hundred miles from court, there seemed to come over the spirit of his dream a beneficial transformation. His thoughts at last reverted to the spiritual and suitable concerns of his station. He celebrated Mass himself, ordered his chaplains to preach to the common people, distributed alms on a magnificent scale to the poor, repaired the edifices of his archiepiscopal see, kept three hundred workmen usefully employed, proposed himself as a general peace-maker, and maintained a liberal style of inexpensive hospitality. Amidst the cloud of golden opinions which he was thus winning in the north of England, the final bolt of vengeance had its source on the part of his adversaries. They assured Henry that, upon the strength of such popularity, Wolsey was in reality practising against the government, as well within as without the realm; and it is the opinion of Doctor Lingard that some royal suspicion might be awakened from the correspondence known to be passing between York, Paris, and Rome. The Cardinal found himself unexpectedly under an arrest, upon charges of high treason, at Cawood, on the 4th of November 1530. A dropsy had already been upon him for some time, so that he travelled with difficulty; and at Sheffield Park a dysentery detained him for a fortnight. It was on the 26th that he reached Leicester, observing to the abbot, as he dismounted, "Father, I am come to lay my bones among you." On the second day after his arrival, he raised himself on the bed to address the lieutenant of the Tower. "Master Kyngston," said he, "I pray you have me commended to his majesty; and beseech him, on my behalf, to call to mind all things that have passed between us, especially respecting good Queen Catherine and himself; and then shall

his conscience know whether I have offended him or not. He is a prince who, rather than miss any part of his will, is ready to endanger the half of his kingdom; and I do assure you, I have often kneeled before him for three hours together to persuade him from his appetite, and could not prevail. Oh, Master Kyngston, had I but served God as diligently as I have served the king, He would not have given me over in my grey hairs! *But this is my just reward for my pains and study, not regarding my service to heaven, but only my duty to my prince.*" With this sorrowful confession, having received the last consolations of religion, he expired the next morning, on the 29th of November 1530, in the sixtieth year of his age. His illegitimate son never manifested any thing remarkable, sliding quietly through life under the name of Thomas Winter.

Whatever might be the merits and demerits of Cardinal Wolsey, his fall most assuredly ushered in a period of degradation and disaster. The Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, the father of the now triumphant mistress, wearing the earldom of Wiltshire in addition to his viscounty of Rochford, Sir William Fitzwilliam, Doctor Stephen Gardiner, and Sir Thomas More as chancellor, formed a cabinet of six, in which Anne Boleyn, as Marchioness of Pembroke, reigned paramount like a sultana. The solitary pearl of virtue amongst them all was soon to assume the crown of martyrdom. Stroke upon stroke was preparing against the wealth and immunities of the Church: the clergy were to be plundered, the monasteries suppressed, the whole realm was to be rent away from the see of St. Peter, and plunged in heresy and schism; an apostate Archbishop of Canterbury would, before long, separate, by the word of man, the royal pair whom the word of God had joined together; and that ecclesiastical revolt would be completed, of which the deadly effects can never be appreciated until the apocalypse of the last day. It must, we think, be admitted, that whether Wolsey intended it or not, his administration smoothed away many of the obstacles to the realisation of these dreadful consequences. If his genius was great, his responsibilities were greater; nor can we ascertain that the shadow of any honest opposition was ever made to that national policy which subjugated the crozier to the sceptre, and thereby opened into the Christian fold the very floodgates of wealth and worldliness. A rich hierarchy can only be saved from secular corruption through a cherished and sacramental connection with the centre of faith and unity. Perhaps Wolsey might have said, in his defence, that he swam with a stream whose current was beyond his power even to resist, much less to stem with effect;

which the foundation is laid both for time and eternity. It is for himself, as well as in sincere and humble penitence, leaving a lesson pregnant with practical as well as spiritual wisdom for those who have sense to learn it, amidst the excitements and hallucinations of the nineteenth century.

BROWNSON'S SPIRIT-RAPPER.

The Spirit-Rapper: an Autobiography. By O. A. Brownson. Boston: Little, Brown, and Co. London: Dolman.

IN the present age, when positive philosophy threatens to elbow spiritualism out of doors, not by persecution or repression, but simply by the substitution of physical for metaphysical studies,—to occupy the entire mind of the world by sciences which absorb the imagination, and leave no interest for others, but rather create a prejudice and dislike towards any that have not the same end, nor pursue the same system and method; when the philosophers of the steam-engine and the voltaic battery have nothing but contempt to bestow on those who have wasted centuries in word-splitting, in chopping logic, in arguing about spiritual conceptions, which, they say, can never be certainly known to be either true or false; when our Macaulays tell us that the whole intellectual world from Plato to Bacon was occupied in trifles not to be compared in utility to the cobbler's craft, and that the philosopher of Verulam was the first to draw men's attention to the true end of thought, namely, the reduction of the physical world to the uses of mankind; when our Hallams assure us that, even in those matters on which the ancients and medieval doctors disputed in vain, the new philosophers have attained, by virtue of their own science, to certainty, and even authority; so that "the most philosophical, unbiassed, and judicious of mankind" are the real judges of what is true in religion, and what is false;—in such a time there is a great anxiety on the part of religious persons for something to occur which will have

effect of forcing men's minds in a new direction, and of making them to think of something beyond mere physical phenomena. Such persons have continually their ears and their eyes open to receive the first sound or vision that seems to come from another order of things; they are ready to catch the smallest trifles that appear to point that way; they eagerly welcome any quackery that is outside the circle of science, not only because of its possible spiritual tendency, but to prove to the positive philosopher, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his system. Their greatest delight would be to reduce the Positivist to the condition of the Brocton-phantasmist at the witches' dance in *Faust*, who is disgusted that medieval superstitions should dare to lift their heads again, after they had been extinguished by the philosophers. He has long since proved to demonstration, that no such thing as a witch exists in nature; if it is there, yet, as it is left out of his reckoning, it is not to be considered as in nature. If it has the unheard-of impudence to demonstrate its existence, even in this enlightened age, when we know every thing,—he can only protest against it, and curse it, and take up his hat and walk.

There is no doubt that materialist philosophers are reduced to a similar position, if the reality of the "spiritualist manifestations" of the present age is proved true. "It will give a serious blow to the materialism and Sadducism of the age,—lead men to believe in the reality of the spirit-world, which is one step towards belief in Christ. The age is so infirm as to deny the existence of the devil." And, as Voltaire said, "*Satan, c'est le Christianisme tout entier : pas de Satan, pas de Sauveur.*" If there was no devil, the mission of Christ had no motive, and Christianity is a fable."

Such are the ideas which appear to have induced Dr. Brownson to give to the world this remarkable book. For a remarkable book it is, in spite of the weakness of its plot, which is as follows: A nameless doctor, invested with many of the personal characteristics of Dr. Brownson himself, an adept in physical philosophy, and a dabbler in phrenology and Boston transcendentalism, becomes a proficient in mesmerism, which he discovers to lead to much more remarkable phenomena than the mesmeric somnambulism and clairvoyance—namely, table-turning, even spontaneous, when no one touches the table, and spirit-rapping. Arrived at this point, and finding the rapping powers to be intelligent, he is seized with an intense desire to know through them the secrets of nature, and to command her forces. The rapping powers promise him success, provided he throws himself into the great republican

but then, on the other hand, it is too evident that he had no genuine disposition to have done either, had he been able. His soul lived in the state rather than in the sanctuary; his ecclesiastical allegiance was national, and not Catholic; the principles on which he rose and governed were essentially selfish; the grandeur of his talents was intellectual rather than religious; nor did he foresee that the system of Protestantism, which Luther had turned loose upon Christendom, must sap the foundations of social and individual safety both for time and eternity. Happily for himself, he died in sincere and humble penitence, leaving a lesson pregnant with practical as well as spiritual wisdom for those who have sense to learn it, amidst the excitements and hallucinations of the nineteenth century.

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the effect of forcing men's minds in a new direction, and of setting them to think of something beyond mere physical phenomena. Such persons have continually their ears and their eyes open to receive the first sound or vision that seems to come from another order of things; they are ready to catch at the smallest trifles that appear to point that way; they eagerly welcome any quackery that is outside the circle of sciences, not only because of its possible spiritual tendency, but to prove to the positive philosopher, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in his system. Their greatest delight would be to reduce the Positivist to the condition of the Brocto-phantasmatist at the witches' dance in Faust, who is disgusted that medieval superstitions should dare to lift their heads again, after they had been extinguished by the philosophers. He has long since proved to demonstration, that no such thing as a witch exists in nature; if it is there, yet, as it is left out of his reckoning, it is not to be considered as in nature. If it has the unheard-of impudence to demonstrate its existence, even in this enlightened age, when we know every thing,—he can only protest against it, and curse it, and take up his hat and walk.

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philanthropic movement, and aids to revolutionise the world. He agrees to this, and with a female confederate, travels through Europe from 1843 to 1849, as a great magician, raising in all places the storms which we all remember. After the failure of his ultimate projects, he returns to America, and sets up in opposition to Christianity the religion of the "Spiritualists." His female confederate is converted, and at length released by him from the thralldom in which he had long held her; but finding that he cannot live without her, he attempts to regain his power over her, and is stabbed by her husband, who surprises them in a *tête-à-tête* conversation. The effect of the wound is a consumption, in the course of which the great mesmerist is converted, and dictates his memoirs for the warning of his countrymen.

The whole political part of the book is a piece of *gobemoucherie* worthy of the *Morning Herald*. Its foundation is very flimsy. It is built on one fact and one theory. The fact is, that according to information derived from a friend of one of the delegates, the Protestant-world-convention at Exeter Hall secretly contrived and organised all the anti-Catholic revolutionary movements of 1848. The principle is, that in great revolutions, the people are "possessed, whirled aloft, driven hither and thither, and onward, in the terrible work of demolition by a mysterious power they do not comprehend, and by a force they are unable, having once yielded to it, to resist." This force is not wielded by the devil in person; apparently he has no power by himself; he requires some human agent. And this agent is no literary or political person or party, no one to whom the guidance of the movement is attributed by historians, faithful or infidel, but is usually a magician. "Weishaupt, Mesmer, Saint-Martin, and Cagliostro, did far more to produce the revolutions and convulsions of European society at the close of last century, than was done by Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Diderot, Mirabeau, and their associates. These men had no doubt a bad influence, but it was limited and feeble." In accordance with this theory, our author marches his hero about Europe, as travelling agent to the devil, mesmerising and manipulating statesmen when they needed it. Sir Robert Peel did not want it; he was gained already. Lord J. Russell, Palmerston, and Co. had already been operated upon: Gladstone needed a slight manipulation; Lord Shaftesbury (then Lord Ashley) was amply mesmerised by nature and inheritance.

Of course, the devil has no less to do with religion than with politics,—indeed, all his political combinations have but one ultimate intention, and that is, the overthrow of the

Papacy, and the consequent destruction of Christianity. This object was evidently more pursued in the great religious movements, such as the Protestant Reformation and the Mahometan conquests, than in any political event that has yet occurred. Most of these movements also had, or pretended to, a supernatural character—a pretension which Dr. Brownson willingly concedes, or rather claims for them. Mahomet, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Joe Smith, all worked marvels, all manifested a “superhuman power—either the finger of God, or the hand of the devil;” they were either “inspired by the Holy Ghost, or driven onward by infuriated demons.”

This may be true; but to introduce such instances in a book on spirit-rapping argues a slight confusion. Satanic agency in all our temptations we concede, and therefore we have no difficulty in recognising the “hand of the devil” in the conduct of the religious leaders above mentioned. But this is not the question. The point to be determined is, in what manner that Satanic influence was exerted. The devil entered into Judas Iscariot; but no one would think of adducing the traitor as an illustration of mesmerism and spirit-rapping. The devil certainly in some way possessed the chiefs of false religions; but it does not follow that he gained an entrance into their minds by mesmerism, or influenced others through them by means of animal magnetism. If, in the case of individuals, such as Mahomet or Joe Smith, instances of facts can be found which are similar to the strange results produced by modern magnetisers, we are quite ready to admit their pertinence; but we cannot see why the mere fact of men having had a vast influence on the masses for evil should be coolly assumed to prove that a magic or mesmeric influence emanating from them was used by Satan as a vehicle for transferring his influence from the mind of his chief instrument to that of his dupes. Unless, indeed, Dr. Brownson is willing to reduce all influence of man over man, the magic of eloquence, or the power of a Napoleon over his troops, to the one principle which we may call mesmerism. And though, in the early part of the book, some curious examples of the contagion of eloquence, and of the enthusiasm of assemblies, are adduced as parallels to the manifestations of mesmeric force, we do not suppose that the author means to assert any such questionable principle.

We hardly know whether Dr. Brownson is serious or not in his plot; if not, it is an amusing piece of satire; if he is, its more than improbability raises a prejudice against the whole work, which the quantity of valuable matter contained in it will not be sufficient to counteract. If the book had been

written for England, we should also have quarrelled with the scanty amount of evidence which is produced for the most startling facts ;—indeed, if we receive them at all, we must receive them simply through our confidence in Dr. Brownson's judgment : for he says, "the facts narrated, or strictly analogous facts, I have either seen myself, or given on what I regard as ample evidence." But writing for America, where there are about a million spirit-rappers, or believers in it, the author had a right to assume his facts instead of proving them. However, we do not know whether we can place unlimited confidence in Dr. Brownson's judgment. We will not be so rude as to class him among the "academicians and members of royal and scientific societies," whose powers of observation he despises to such a degree, that he "would trust 'Jack' to distinguish between a seal or horse-mackerel and the sea-serpent much quicker than he would Owen or Agassiz." Scientific men, he thinks, are the easiest in the world to impose upon : "they generally commence their investigations with the persuasion that all facts of the kind alleged are impossible ; and they seldom pay any attention to the actual phenomena passing before them. They are busy only with their scepticism, and do not see what really takes place." "Academicians are the very worst people in the world to observe facts." Accidentally, of course, it may be the case that the cleverest physician will refuse to acknowledge a miraculous cure because he is an infidel ; or a physiologist will deny the most palpable case of clairvoyance because he is a materialist ; but we cannot see that a physician as such, or a physiologist as such, is the worst observer of facts which come within the sphere of his own science ; a "plain, honest, unscientific peasant" is, to say the least, as likely to mistake an owl for a ghost, and to attribute to the owl actions proper to a ghost, as "an Arago or a Babinet" is likely to mistake a ghost for an owl. The fact is, Dr. Brownson has a spite against every thing that seems to favour positive philosophy ; he has perhaps nearly as much desire to confound the materialists as they have to refute the spiritualists. As much as they, "he has a theory to disturb him, a conclusion to establish or refute." In stating this, we only say that his religion has deeper hold of him than his science. Nor do we deny his facts, far from it ; but we suspend our judgment till unbiassed evidence comes in our way.

The exposition of Dr. Brownson's theories is of a very different calibre from his fiction. How the man who despises novels to such an extent as to think James's the best, because you can take them up and lay them down whenever you

please, without your feelings being so excited as to compel you to finish them,—how such a man could sit down to write a work of fiction, we wonder; but we are not surprised at his failure. As a “manigraph” (so he whimsically calls a writer; we don’t see why; we never heard of a pedigraph), he is rather brawny than delicate; he wields a sledge-hammer instead of a wand, and deals with ideas and not with feelings. But this is just the kind of man to show-up systems of philosophy: and this exposition constitutes the really remarkable portion of the book. It is done in the way of dialogue. Representatives of all kinds of “philosophy” prevalent in America are introduced, and made to state their principles with a brevity and point which only a master like Dr. Brownson could have compassed. The author gives his own theories to two persons; to the repentant magician himself, who furnishes the facts, and to a young Catholic interlocutor named Merton, who propounds the reasons. “All the mysterious phenomena, so far as they are not produced by natural agencies, are sheer deviltry.” “Mesmerism, strictly speaking, is natural; but its practice is always dangerous, and throws its subjects under the power of Satan: of the mesmeric phenomena, some are natural, some Satanic.” “Mesmerism is abnormal, yet to a certain extent natural; it belongs not to healthy but unhealthy nature, and its phenomena are never exhibited except in a subject naturally or artificially diseased. No person of vigorous constitution or robust health is magnetised; none of Baron Reichenbach’s subjects were such” (this is not strictly true): “as a general rule, no one is a subject of mesmerism whose constitution, especially the nervous constitution, is in its natural state.” The practice of mesmerism is probably unlawful, because dangerous; our instinctive feelings of delicacy and modesty are shocked at it, and its effect seems to be an exhaustion of the powers similar to that produced by immoral excesses. “It is an artificial disease, and injurious to the physical constitution. It moreover facilitates the Satanic invasion. Satan has no creative power, and can operate only on a nature created to his hands, and in accordance with conditions of which he has not the sovereign control. Ordinarily, he can invade our bodies only as they are in an abnormal state, and by availing himself of some natural force, it may be some fluid, or some imponderable agent like electricity, or the *od* force of Reichenbach. The practice of mesmerism brings into play this force, and thus gives occasion to the devil, or exposes us to his malice and invasions.”

Now, although this theory seems to be satisfactory, and as good, or better than any other, it is not quite consistent

with a fact which the author elsewhere states as quite certain, namely, that "in mesmerising there is always an implicit mental evocation (*i. e.* of the devil), and without it no one was ever able to exhibit the mesmeric phenomena." If so, all mesmerism is diabolic, and the theory given above is superfluous. But this is evidently not true. Mesmeric phenomena may be induced by the simple weariness of the sense of sight. Fixing the eyes steadily on any object, such as a pencil-case hung up just over the nose, above the level of the eyes, is said to produce the mesmeric trance, much in the same way as boys are wont to mesmerise cocks and hens by holding their beaks over a chalk line traced on the ground. Indeed, perhaps the weariness of any single sense may cause the sleep of the whole frame, during which the other senses are dreamily watchful, or perhaps able to act independently of their organs. Normally, the soul acts through the organs of the brain; but in abnormal conditions, when the organ is numbed by disease or magnetism, it sometimes seems to act independently of its tools—to use one instrument for another, or to forego the use of them entirely. There are instances of illiterate maid-servants spouting Greek in brain-fever, and persons without an ear singing correctly in delirium. The soul is a greater power than its second-hand manifestations through its organs prove it to be; with better tools it could do more. If it could ever act independently of its organs, it would astonish men who measured its capacities by handling bumps. Hence we must be careful not to admit too easily such astonishing phenomena as those just hinted at as proofs of supernatural agency, diabolic or divine. We admit Dr. Brownson's principle, that "there cannot proceed, voluntarily or involuntarily, instinctively or rationally, from the back brain or the front brain what is not in it, or an intelligence which its owner does not possess." But this principle, apparently so plain, is rendered practically quite useless by the consideration that it is perfectly impossible to know what the owner (the soul) does really possess. Our measure of the capacity of an individual is the measure of the action of his organs. When by any chance he acts without his organs, our measuring-tape is useless. We can tell that his mode of action is abnormal, not that the measure of his action is supernatural. We do not say that no rule can be devised for judging where the natural ends and the supernatural (*i. e.* the presence of a higher agency, demonic or angelic) begins; but we do not think that Dr. Brownson has done it in this book.

If the soul, as we suggest, and as Dr. Herbert Mayo (if we remember rightly) adduces several facts to prove, can ever

act independently of its organs; and if mesmerism is a method of causing this mode of action to take place in fitting subjects, *i. e.* in persons whose health and nervous system is lowered and weakened by excess or otherwise, then perhaps we may explain the facilities it affords for Satanic invasion, not on the principle that the evil spirit uses the mesmeric fluid as a vehicle, and enters with it, but that he finds the body empty, unguarded by the soul, and enters it; or that he finds the soul wandering without the body,

“He takes her naked all alone,
With not one rag of body on,”

and joins himself to her, and with her re-enters into the tene-ment she had quitted to play truant.

Again, if this soul in its wanderings is permitted to manifest itself to the senses of others, it must be through a sensible medium. But the medium as seen need not really exist; as an electric shock passed through the optic nerve is perceived as a flash of light, or through the acoustic nerve is heard as a sound, so the impression of spirit on embodied spirit may well cause the appearance of form to the sight, without obliging us to resuscitate the old notion of the *umbra*, which Dr. Brownson in two places advocates. “There is,” he says, “in man what the ancients called the *umbra*, or shade, which is not the soul nor the body in its mere outward sense. It is, as it were, the interior lining of the body, capable to a certain extent of being detached from it, without, however, losing its relation to it. Hence the phenomena of bilocation can be conceived as possible. The body lies in a trance, and the soul with its *umbra* is able to carry on its devilty at a distance.”

What we should like from Dr. Brownson is a serious and methodical treatise on this subject, instead of a philosophical novel such as he has here given us. His philosophy is first-rate, as any one can see by the singular power of the chapters in this book which are devoted to the examination of the theories on the subject; but as a writer of fiction, he hardly comes up to the ordinary standard. He reminds us of Hercules at the distaff, or of

“The unwieldy elephant,”

which

“To make them mirth used all his might,”—

too noble an animal to waste his energies in doing that which the monkey or the kitten can do much better.

THE MICROSCOPE.

The Microscope: its History, Construction, and Applications.
By Jabez Hogg, M.R.C.S., &c. The Illustrated London
Library.

To those whose taste leads them in the direction of physical science, and who are already on terms of something like familiarity with its outlines, this work, with its profusion of illustrations, will afford some hours of very pleasant reading; but Mr. Hogg will hardly succeed in the object he has in view, if we hold him rigorously to his introductory statement. "The great mass of the general public" is too inert in such matters to be goaded out of its "apathy and inattention" to this "most useful and fascinating of studies" by the exciting displays of the lecture-room; and it will certainly not be pricked into penitence by the reproaches, more in sorrow than in anger, of our worthy author.

The fact is, that among the many recreations in science wherewith the "pensive public" is in the habit of solacing itself after its own intermittent fashion, microscopic studies are the least satisfactory as a pastime. They demand not only great perfection in *matériel*, but an amount of manual dexterity, knack—there is no better word—patience, and method, which few, even among scientific observers, possess in any large degree. Consequently, of all philosophic toys this is the most certain to be laid down as soon as taken up. For ourselves, we do not quarrel with this. It is a good thing for people to amuse themselves in any way they like, so long as it be innocent; and there is no more harm in playing with science for an hour or so, and thinking oneself a philosopher, than in a moderate indulgence in that most ludicrous of occupations, which, under the name of *potichomanie*, bids fair to fill our mantle-pieces, drawing-rooms, dining-rooms, our whole houses from garret to cellar, with a perfect plague of imitation-china, uglier than any the Celestial empire itself can produce in the genuine article. Let us laugh good-humouredly at both; at the lady-artist, who labours with scissors and paint-pot in the new style, and at *pater familias*, who investigates the steam-gun at the Polytechnic, and departs master of the ordnance. The real man of science will do well to choose his audience correctly. He may treat his subject either in a scientific or a popular manner; but to treat it in a manner at once scientific, popular, and *useful*, is perhaps as difficult an undertaking as any within the range of authorship. Mr. Hogg has neither suc-

ceeded nor altogether failed. There is much in his book that will be found valuable by the practised and scientific microscopist, and much that will interest the intelligent reader who seeks, in amusing himself, to add to his store of information for the purposes of illustration and comparison. But in the endeavour to be popular, method has been neglected; and in losing method, science of necessity is damaged. On the whole, notwithstanding, the book is a good one, and fairly entitled to rank among scientific works.

The author commences with a concise history of the Microscope, from its supposed invention (or rather the discovery of its use) in the sixteenth century to the present time. He then very clearly and fully explains the mechanical and optical principles involved in the construction of the modern instrument; and concludes his first part by a chapter of directions for its use, and for collecting and preparing in a proper manner objects for investigation. In the second part he affords a "glance at the microscopic world," devoting the first chapter to the various families of animalculæ, and so onward to the molluscs; the second, to insects; the third, to animal structure; and the fourth and last, to vegetable structure. The illustrations, engraved on wood, are very numerous, and although, as might be expected, a little unequal in merit, some are really admirable; for instance, the proboscis of the house-fly (plate 6), and the tongue and piercing apparatus of the horse-fly (plate 7); excellent also is the terrible array of parasites, unmentionable to ears polite (unless under the Latin name *Acari*), who hint to all animals, from man, the mighty master, to the humble clothes-moth, that if cleanliness be not "next to godliness," as the copy-books say, it is at least inseparable from comfort. It may perhaps console Mr. Hogg to reflect, that if he cannot induce the apathetic public to plunge into the mysteries of spherical aberration and achromatism, many an exclamation of wonder, delight, and pretty disgust will be evoked by the banquet of marvels, pictorial and written, which he spreads on his well-furnished table.

Let us brighten up our school-remembrances of "units, tens, hundreds, thousands," and as a preliminary taste of his fare, learn from Ehrenberg of beds of soft white stone, 500 miles in length and 800 feet in thickness, made up to at least one-tenth in bulk of fossil animalcules; and how, to make one cubic inch of chalk, a million of organic beings, distinct and perfect, lived and died.

Turning from the dead to the living, we shall find not only how such things were, but how such things are, little as our unaided eyes can help us in the matter. Speaking of a com-

mon family of *infusoria*, the rotifera, the same naturalist informs us as the result of actual observation, that an individual "laid four eggs a day; that the young when two days old followed the same law as their parent; consequently a single one in ten days had a family of 1,000,000; in eleven days 4,000,000; and in twelve days the venerable progenitor was surrounded by 16,000,000 of an active, happy, energetic race, ceaseless in search of prey, and a famous feast for a larger animal." The mention of the "larger animal" is really quite refreshing. Without some such guardian, we must soon be crushed, flattened, and fossilised; hopelessly buried under a mountain of mites.

But we have not yet measured the immensity of littleness. Think, wondering reader, of the very first family of *infusoria*, the monads; the simplest specks of bodies in which the mysterious principle of life has hitherto been ascertained by the microscopist to exist, yet various in their forms, complex in their structure, dainty in their food, most of them poly-gastric (many-stomached), *some possessing no less than three hundred of these aldermanic receptacles*; yet so small, that "a drop of water only the tenth of an inch in diameter may glitter like a diamond from its translucency, and yet under the microscope be seen to hold 500 millions of these animated beings."

But we must close Mr. Hogg's pages before we are tempted too far, and leave our readers to enter the world of wonders by themselves. In making our grateful obeisance as we quit his museum, we would add one suggestion, namely, that in any future work of scientific observation or research, it would be well entirely to eschew the unlucky practice of improving a fact into a sermon. It is true that he does not sin greatly in this sort; but it is better to avoid it entirely. We shall not on that account set him down as an unbeliever. We cannot decide which is the more irritating, to read a scientific book in which insinuations against faith are slyly inserted between a couple of facts, or to be brought up suddenly in the dissection of a flea's leg by a verse from the Psalms. For our own part, we believe that God created the heavens and the earth and all that they contain, and therefore feel no surprise that His power can organise the smallest atoms. We fear that philosophical, commercial, or political infidels, who pass by the fall of man, and their own relation with it, will hardly be converted by the discovery that *monads* have a nervous system and a very complete power of digestion.

THE ANNALS OF THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

Annals of the Holy Childhood, No. 4. Translated from the French. March 1855. London: Richardson and Son.

SOME months since we noticed the third number of this valuable work, in its English form; and we are glad to be able now to announce the appearance of a fourth number, not less interesting than those which preceded it. The Society of the Holy Childhood, like that for the Propagation of the Faith, of which it may be considered the complement, is one of those noble institutions which have, within a comparatively recent period, risen up on the soil of France, and which, centuries hence, will witness to the vitality of a Church extinguished, as many imagined, in the storm of the first Revolution. It is among the ordinary beneficent influences of storms to carry with them seeds which are dropped into spots otherwise inaccessible, and which, so deposited, bring forth abundant fruit. The Church which, re-invigorated by the blood of many martyrs, flourishes once more in France, sows the seeds of Christian civilisation in the remotest regions of the world.

Like the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, these Annals are also interesting from the incidental pictures they supply of the social life of heathenism. In China these pictures are more than ordinarily curious, on account of the long civilisation of that singular country, if civilisation means simply the diffusion of popular education, an elaborate system of police-regulations, and a considerable skill in the mechanical arts. What civilisation not founded on religion is worth may be inferred from the following:

“The Chinese women are, I will not say servants, but slaves; they are so despised and contemned, that it is regarded as a disgrace to have daughters, and hence every means is taken to get rid of them. The Chinese government has done all in its power to put a stop to this barbarity, by erecting a hospital in each town; but either these establishments are badly governed, and become like every thing else that is Chinese, a source of gain to the Mandarins and the subordinate officers, or it is difficult to get the parents to part thus openly with their children, since they are no hindrance to infanticide, and it is as if the parents had no other way of being rid of their children save by destroying them. The less inhuman lay them at the gates of the wealthy; but the majority, my Lord, who have *ferreum pectus et dura præcordia*, slay them with their own hands, throw them into the river, give them to the dogs, or lay them on the ground far from the dwelling of man; and deaf to their sobs

and their tears, allow them to die of hunger. While travelling in this vast empire, I have seen hundreds of new-born babes lying in ordure, naked, and falling into a state of putrefaction."

The following gives a vivid picture of Chinese society in one of its aspects, as well as of that Christian civilisation which, in institutions that unite the utmost of charity with the utmost of purity, provides under the tutelage of Catholic nuns a refuge more than maternal for those whose parents are unable, even when they are willing, to protect them:

"We may at the first glance perceive that the children confided to the care of the Sisters will be better brought up and educated than they otherwise would be; it will be sufficient to have visited these Orphanages and Infant Schools (*maisons de creîtés*) to be convinced of the care and affection with which they treat the children whom Providence has intrusted to their charge. They will have room in these far-off lands for the full display of their charity—to display it in a thousand different ways, as their feelings may prompt, for the alleviation of the misery they witness. We shall not speak here of the sick, on whom they can attend without exciting the jealousy or envy of others; for this branch of almsgiving does not come within the circle of good works proposed by the Holy Childhood. Then, the Sisters may form Infant Schools, to take care of the children of the poor. The rivers of China are covered with boats, manned for the most part by women, the majority of whom have their children with them; these poor mothers have to row with all their strength, while carrying their younger children on their backs. To obtain more strength than nature has supplied them with, they throw themselves with their whole weight on the oar, and thus shake their children; the wind does not always blow, the sea is occasionally calm, but there is no repose or tranquillity for these poor children, who are, besides, quite naked, and have their heads perfectly shaven, and exposed to the heat of the sun; they are to be seen, pallid and worn-out, tied to their mother's back, without being able to see her face or receive her caresses. There are others who gain their livelihood by collecting pieces of coral, to be found in the rivers. Their children, too, are likewise tied to their backs; and at each plunge that the mother makes for the coral, the child is plunged in the water. These little creatures may be often seen, by the plunging of their mother, to try and raise their necks, so as to prevent the water from entering their mouths. We can, then, well imagine the joy with which these mothers would deposit their children with the Sisters while they were working for their daily bread. The children brought up by the Sisters would be all baptised, so that the first-fruits of the Society of the Holy Childhood would be to make Christians of all the Chinese children it saved."

It is interesting to observe how upon every Catholic insti-

tution the various characteristics of the Church are impressed, even those which at first sight might seem most far apart from each other. The expansiveness of Christian sympathy, and the rigidity with which the Church defines a doctrine and acts on its definition—here are two principles which, to those who judge from without, appear contrasted if not opposed. Many of those who can recognise charity in the labour of the missionary, can yet see nothing but harshness in a definition relative to baptism which bears hard upon the unbaptised. They would show their charity by relaxing the stringency of God's covenant with man, and giving away (by a very unauthorised form of indulgence) what is not theirs to give. The Church shows her charity, not by prevaricating with truth, but by sending forth a band, maintained chiefly by the contributions of Christian children, who cross oceans and mountain-chains for the sake of picking up outcast children from the river bank and inhospitable street, and baptising them before they die, if it be impossible to save their lives. Such efforts are frequently crowned with a success beyond what had been expected; and the conversion of the adult often follows the preservation of the exposed infant.

“ At the same place, a Christian, with such simplicity of faith as to remind one of the *verè Israelita* of the Gospel, having learned that a Pagan child about three or four years of age was dying not far from his house, and that all the secrets of devilism had been called into play for its cure, hastened to the family in the hope of being able to baptise it. He found it on his arrival *in articulo mortis*, spitting blood. The parents consented to its being baptised; but the Christian remarked, that they must first cast the emblems of devilry into the fire, and that then it might be that the God of Heaven would not only consent to save the child's soul, but to restore it to health. Consent was given; the child was baptised; a few hours after, it was out of danger, and perfectly cured on the morrow. The family were so struck by this circumstance, that they determined to embrace Christianity. I have already baptised seven of them.

“ In another locality, a Christian of like simplicity of faith, having been informed that a child of five or six years of age was suffering from an illness, known here as *la maladie du diable* (it is a sort of Satanic possession), determined to go and baptise the child. No sooner had he been washed in the laver of regeneration, than he jumped off his bed, and asked for something to eat, and commenced playing with the other children of his age. The parents determined to be reconciled to Holy Church, and five or six were baptised.

“ The baptism of these children led to the conversion of a number of parents. I know that more than fifty of my catechumens

have desired to become Christians since their children have been baptised *in articulo mortis*."

It is impossible to doubt that great good is done by the Society of the Holy Childhood in the remote regions to which its labours are directed; and now that the icy barriers, which for centuries have separated the Chinese Empire from the rest of the world, are beginning to melt, it is natural to look in that direction for results still larger than those which have yet rewarded the zeal of the missionary. Nor can we doubt that all such efforts are also attended by a beneficial reaction, and that among ourselves the cause of religion will be largely promoted by the active sympathy awakened among Christian children for the less fortunate children of Pagan lands. We rejoice to observe that the society has already received the approbation and patronage of not a few among the Irish as well as the English bishops; and we trust that Catholic parents will hasten to associate their children with it. The publication of the *Annals* cannot but promote the ends of the Society. The present number contains a Report by M. l'Abbé Gabet, so well known from his connection with China and Thibet; a letter from China, written by Mgr. Cheaveau, Bishop of Philomelia, and Vicar-Apostolic of Gun-nau; and another from Mgr. de Besi, Bishop of Canope. We shall receive, doubtless, in the future numbers, an account of the more recent proceedings of the Society.

Short Notices.

THEOLOGY, PHILOSOPHY, &c.

The Golden Book of the Confraternities. Compiled from approved sources, by one of the Servants of the Queen of Heaven. (New York, Dunigan.) A useful, but not a "golden" book. It contains the rules, devotions, indulgences, &c. of the Rosary, Living Rosary, Five Scapulars, Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, Way of the Cross, and Office of the Blessed Virgin. So far, therefore, it is a very serviceable manual; but its merit would have been greater, had the compiler informed his readers that the Rosary he gives them is not *The* Rosary, but an "improved" or doctored Rosary, which, though it may be in use among some pious persons, is not the Rosary of the Catholic Church. Not to mention the prayers at the end of each mystery, of which it ought to have been said that they are sometimes *added*, but form no *part* of the real Rosary, here we have every Hail Mary patched with an additional phrase; thus: "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb Jesus. *Who may increase our FAITH.* Holy Mary, &c." (we copy the exact typography of the book); and so on with all the

others. So, too, the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is spoken of as if it was part of the Rosary. The same taste for mending and "improving" has dictated a doggerel translation of the opening Versicles and Responses of the Office of the Blessed Virgin, which is made to commence with these novel rhymes :

" V. Now let my lips sing and display,
R. The blessed Virgin's praise this day ;
V. O Lady ! to my help intend,
R. Me strongly from my foes defend."

We must also protest against the assumption on the title-page that the compositions at the end of the volume are "*beautiful hymns*." Some of them, *reprinted from English sources*, are so ; but what is the beauty of such " Inspirations " as the following ?

" JESUS INVITES THE SINNER TO REPENTANCE.

O, do but turn, and thou shalt find
A loving Father, child, in me :
Alas ! how many and many a time
I've breathed a heavy sigh for thee !
Bethink thyself, thou art a son ;
Bethink thyself, I am thy Sire ;
O, turn, and for my pardon come,
No more, through doubt, from me retire.

THE PENITENT SINNER'S ANSWER.

O Jesus, Father fond and kind !
An impious, a thankless son
Is come with eyes all wet to say,
His wanderings from Thee are done.

* * * * *

My dreams, ah, yes, my very dreams
Were full of horror to the brim ;
And as I slept, my heart would say,
Your Father—are you gone from Him ?"

The Boy's Ceremonial. By Father Crowther, Priest of the Eremite Order of St. Augustine. (Richardson.) An excellent little collection of directions to boys for serving at Mass and assisting at Benediction. The good sense and warm feelings which here and there break out in the midst of the dry directions give a very pleasant idea of the pastoral and fatherly character of the pious author. Rubrical correctness and devout self-control cannot be too early taught to boys who have the privilege of serving at the altar ; and those know little of children who fancy that such things cannot be expected of them without the loss of the buoyancy and uncalculating simplicity so becoming at their age. So far from it, we believe that an attention to ceremonial correctness and a habit of serious devotion very materially add to the enjoyment which the young experience in assisting at any of the offices of the Church. Slovenliness is no element of enjoyment in the human heart, whether at ten years old or fifty. We should therefore like to see Father Crowther's book in the hands of every Catholic boy who serves at Mass.

One more Return from Captivity ; or my Submission to the Catholic Church vindicated and explained. By E. S. Foulkes, late Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford. (Burns and Lambert.) Any one who knew Mr. Foulkes as a Protestant only by his writings would have said that no one could be more unlikely to submit to the true Church. With much that was good, well-informed, and earnest, they betrayed a spirit of antagonism to the claims of the Holy See almost gladiatorial in its

tone and determination. All at once, like a man waking from a state of half-sleep, he rubs his eyes, the mists clear off, and he sees objects by the pure light of day. The books of Mr. Robert Wilberforce were the chief instruments by which Mr. Foulkes was brought face to face with the whole truth respecting the relative claims of the Pope and the Anglican Establishment; and it is impossible to read the little work he has now published, without admiring the straightforwardness and single-mindedness with which he followed the light the moment it began to beam upon his conscience. *One more Return from Captivity* was written while its author was still without the Church, and consequently has its mistakes. Its interest, apart from its picture of Mr. Foulkes' character, lies in its refutation of portions of his former writings. One of these, "The Counter Theory," was reviewed in the *Rambler* of October 1853.

Words of the Enemies of Christ during His sacred Passion. Translated from the German of Dr. J. E. Veith, by the Rev. E. Cox, D.D. Second edition. (Burns and Lambert.) It is satisfactory to see a second edition called for of a good book like this. Dr. Veith is a German, and solid like most of his countrymen; but he is free from the exaggerated taste for speculation which is the national fault of Germany. A diligent student of Scripture, his illustrations from it are the result of his own reflection, and not the cut-and-dried texts which sometimes give a semblance of a Scriptural spirit where there is nothing more than mere elbow-work. His many anecdotes from Church history and saints' lives are also to the point, and told naturally. The whole is agreeably translated,—not a common thing with German books,—and will be found a useful guide to meditation in the present season. We cannot help quoting a sentence near the beginning, which confirms the opinions expressed in our article on Religious Controversy in the present *Rambler*:—"In reality there is no lie which does not presuppose the truth, or which does not conceal it beneath its dark foldings."

Three Discourses upon the Festival of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Translated from the French of Bossuet, by the Rev. James O'Connor. (Aberdeen, Finlayson.) Every reader of these three sermons will echo the opinion of the translator, that "right feeling dictates that in the hour of triumph (of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception) a grateful remembrance should be preserved of those champions of the faith who so well defended the traditions of the Church in a darker hour." They are particularly favourable specimens of the piety and theological genius of Bossuet. Mr. O'Connor has translated them well; and we cannot do better than recommend them to every one who wishes to see in a small compass what a great theologian and orator can say on the subject. Of the longer and more complete exposition of the doctrine, just published by Bishop Ullathorne, we must content ourselves for the present with the mere mention, reserving ourselves for the general subject in our next number.

The Restoration of Belief. Part III. The Miracles of the Gospels in their relation to the principal features of the Christian Scheme. (Cambridge, Macmillan.) Turning from Bossuet to the author of this *Restoration of Belief*, we almost ask ourselves,—Are all human minds of a similar nature? Is it possible that intellects born with like faculties can issue in states of belief so extraordinarily dissimilar? Yet such is the result of an absence of a clear dogmatic teaching of the one truth. An able, well-intentioned, and apparently religious man flounders about in the inventions of his own brain; and in the presence of a Catholic theologian reminds one of a child of seven years old attempting to teach the differential calculus. Yet we heartily sympathise with him;

for he seems to be overpowered with a sense of horror of atheism and disbelief, and puzzled beyond endurance by the shallowness and self-contradictions of the professing "creeds" of Protestantism. He is clever and observant and original, and now and then makes an excellent remark. Take, for instance, his observations at pp. 365, 366, on the character of modern atheism, as contrasted with the atheism found among old Pagans. "The atheism," he says, "which startles us by our firesides, which sits with us in pews, which flames out in our literature, which is the Apollo of the weekly, monthly, and quarterly press, has not merely learned its rhetoric in the evangelic school, and thence stolen its phrases, but it has there got inspiration from a theology of which itself is the only genuine antithesis. Evoke now from Hades a *genuine* atheist of the classic pagan church, and bring him within hearing of a modern atheistic lecture, and the very terms of the discourse would be unintelligible to him. You must baptise him, before you can convince him that you are his disciple, or that he is indeed one of yourselves." This is a fact which has often struck us ourselves, and it is one which ought to be thoroughly mastered by those who have in any way to deal with the unbelief of the present day. As to the author of the curious speculation before us, we venture to ask him one question: If the self-consistency, perfect distinctness of meaning, vastness of detail and unity as a whole, of the body of Catholic theology, does not furnish an *à priori* probability that it is *true*, what proof have we that the system of physical science, including even the law of gravitation, is not one entire hypothesis, scientific in form, but fictitious in reality, and based upon a partial induction of material facts? If such a scientific whole as Catholic theology is an invention of man, with no positive supernatural basis, what *proof* have we of any thing?

The Four Gospels, with the Acts of the Apostles. (Burns and Lambert.) A useful edition, got up especially for use in schools, which we are glad to see, and have often wished to see. We hear it has been much wanted; and therefore we hope it will be much used, now that the want is supplied.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, and translated from the Spanish by the Rev. Canon Dalton. Second edition. (Dolman.) Some people think that every book that is published ought to suit every body. Every article in every periodical ought to be such as to please every possible reader. Such persons no doubt wondered why Mr. Dalton should publish a translation of such a life as that of St. Teresa, written by herself; so peculiar in the style, so mystic in its spirituality, so surprising in its revelations, and whose merits, extraordinary as they are, can be appreciated only by the few. We are glad to see that these few have been sufficiently numerous to have bought up the first edition, and we trust that they are so quickly increasing in numbers as to be as glad as we are ourselves to see a second impression of a book almost *unique* in saints' lives.

First Lines of Christian Theology, in the form of a Syllabus. By J. Pye Smith, D.D. &c. (London, Jackson and Walford.) Seven hundred pages of Homerton, *i. e.* Dissenting-College, Christianity. We have not read this precious mass of heresy; but we have accidentally alighted on the following passage (p. 366), where the author explains "the Popish distinction of sins into mortal and venial." Venial sins are those "not deserving the full punishment of the law, but *suâ naturâ* pardonable upon easy terms; not included in the satisfaction of Christ, because not requiring such a propitiation, but to be expiated by human means, *e.g.*

pilgrimages, penances, payments, indulgences, &c.;" and for his authority he refers to "Bishop Hay's Sincere Christian, ch. xvi."

Now we hope that any Protestant who reads this will expend the sum of sixpence on the first volume of "Hay's Sincere Christian," and read the chapter referred to, the latter part of which treats of venial sin; he will find that each of Dr. Smith's assertions, except perhaps the first, is a deliberate lie.

1. Venial sins "do not deserve the full punishment of the law." If Dr. Smith means they do not deserve the full punishment which the law awards to mortal sin, *i. e.* hell-fire, he is right; if he means that we say they do not deserve the full punishment that the law awards to them, as venial, he tells a falsehood. To call your brother Raca deserves *the council* (whatever it may be), to call him fool *deserves* hell-fire.

2. "They are *suâ naturâ* pardonable upon easy terms." Bishop Hay has not a word in this chapter on the terms on which they are pardonable; but as for their nature, any offence voluntarily committed against God "is," he tells us, "a greater evil than all the miseries any creature can endure in this side of time, insomuch that no man living can be allowed, by any power in heaven or earth, to commit any one venial sin, though to save a kingdom, or even to save the whole world; because an evil done to the Creator is in itself a greater evil than the destruction or annihilation of the whole creation." Then, as to what punishment they deserve: "Lot's wife, turned into a pillar of salt for indulging a natural curiosity; Moses losing the Holy Land for an act of diffidence; Oza killed for touching the ark, &c. If a God of infinite justice punished such sins so severely, they must certainly have deserved such punishment, and therefore are far from being small evils."

3. "They are not included in the sacrifice of Christ, because not requiring such a propitiation." There is not a hint in this chapter from which by any process he could have derived such a conclusion. Whether God would have considered such a propitiation necessary, if Adam, instead of transgressing the commandment, had sinned only venially* by levity, or idle words, or by being cross to Eve, neither we nor Dr. Pye Smith can tell; all we know is, that in the present Providence, man's sole hope of pardon for sins, original or actual, mortal or venial, is the sacrifice and propitiation of Christ, which is "*integra atque omnibus muneris perfecta satisfactio . . . pro peccatis nostris*," *i. e.* for every thing that is called sin.

4. "But to be expiated by human means, pilgrimages, &c." Not a word about the means of expiation in this chapter: "human means" are no more expiatory of venial than they are of mortal sins. There is no more natural connection between a "payment" and the forgiveness of an idle word than between that and the forgiveness of a murder. Dr. Hay says nothing like Dr. Pye Smith's assertion in the chapter referred to; nor could he, as the Tridentine Catechism lays down that "*peccata venialia absque pœnitentiâ dimitti non possunt*" (cap. v. § 20).

We have before this seen a Protestant controversialist deliberately pretend to read out of a book a passage that was not contained in it, and this in a crowded meeting. Dr. Pye Smith carries his impudence a little further, and leaves the falsehood to be printed after his death, as a witness against himself.

* Of course we do not intend by this hypothetical statement to contradict St. Thomas, *Sum.* 1, 2, qu. 90, art. 3.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

The History of Woman. By S. W. Fullom. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) Mr. Fullom is one of those preposterous funguses that every now and then will ooze forth from the hoary trunk of our literature, and engage more attention than they deserve. Like the proverbial philosophy of the Guernsey Apollo, or the poems of Satan Montgomery, his work on the "Marvels of Science" has been puffed into eight editions, and we should not wonder if the present volumes had a similar destiny. We are sure that the "eloquent language," "intelligent style," "sublime ideas," and "stupendous facts," which make up these "fascinating pages," deserve it. What, too, can be grander than the theme? We appeal to any popular preacher or Exeter-Hall spouter in London, can there be a more profitable subject for speculation than woman? The history of woman, in two volumes, from the earliest ages, including the antediluvian, to the present day. What an occasion, too, for rapid and masterly historical sketches! For example:

"The mind still responds to the thrilling cadences of Homer, fires at the eloquence of Demosthenes, and lingers, a wondering pupil, at the charmed feet of Aristotle. We bleed with Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ; we read with throbbing hearts the glorious story of Marathon; we kindle at the great names of Alcibiades, Themistocles, Pericles, and Cimon. Is it possible, then, that even barbarism can have trodden down the hallowed groves of the Academy, where, under the shadow of the classic portico, the immortal Plato taught, and crowds listened to the almost inspired lips of Socrates? The circus, the theatre, and the temple, the Areopagus and the Agora, have equally paid the debt of time; but mighty vestiges attest their ancient grandeur, and Greece is still holy ground to the poet, the antiquary, the sculptor, and the patriot."

Prodigious undoubtedly: beautiful, but after the style of Hindoo beauty, which, according to a quotation given by Mr. Fullom, requires a lady to be "of a yellow colour, with a nose like the flower of resamum, legs taper like the plantain-tree, eyes large like the lotus-leaf, eyebrows extended to the ears, face like the moon, voice like the sound of the cuckoo, arms reaching to the knees, throat like a pigeon's, loins narrow as a lion's, hair hanging in curls down to her feet, and her walk like that of a drunken elephant or a goose." This is a very good metaphorical description of Mr. Fullom's own style of literary beauty.

Mountains and Molehills, or Recollections of a Burnt Journal. By Frank Marryat. With Illustrations. (London, Longmans.) A very smart account of adventures in California, with illustrations, which, if not peculiarly artistic, give a sufficiently vivid idea of life in those parts. Some of the woodcuts, especially, are exceedingly comic. The author writes in a spirit favourable to American institutions, and makes very reasonable excuses for some of their more tiresome peculiarities. We recommend the book as both interesting and amusing; and to persons who intend to try their luck at gold-digging or other employment in the colonies valuable.

A Ramble through Normandy. Illustrated. By G. M. Musgrave, M.A., author of "The Parson, Pen and Pencil," &c. (London, Bogue.) Mr. Musgrave is handy with his pencil; and this is about the only praise we can bestow on him as a traveller. He offers his opinion on all kinds of things of which he knows nothing, and generally clinches it with a dreary pun. He is pleasant on the ignorance of several priests whom

he meets, but who turn out to be scarcely more ignorant than himself. He enters into a long discussion on a scene from one of the Apocryphal Gospels, which he found in a painted window at Pont Audemer; on the origin of which he theorises in the most simple manner, and spreads his tail before one of the vicaires of the Church, whose ignorance of art was only more profound than his own. His notion of music is as odd as his other ideas; he tells us that "the mighty diapasons first filled the entire temple with jubilant and awakening melody, and then the pedal movements and reed-pipes breathed their gentler sweetness. It was that description of harmony which makes the blood course with accelerated rapidity, makes beating hearts and tearful eyes, &c., brings before the mirror of the mind those images of the living and dead, &c., which speak to us of the present and the past, and point to the mysterious future." The "Parson" is of the high-and-dry school, and is willing to pardon what he considers to be idolatry because it is done under "canonical obedience." His twaddle is prodigious; he is a kind of man to be scandalised past recovery if an assistant passes a snuff-box during a function, or if he sees people enter the confessional with faces less than a foot and a half long. Some of his observations are good, and sometimes he is amusing; but his book is so alloyed with rubbish similar to that we have noted, that it is tiresome in the extreme: if he will refine it in the fire till it has reached one quarter its present bulk, we will then tell him what we think of the residuum.

Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost, and other Papers. By Washington Irving. (Edinburgh, Constable's Foreign Miscellany.) A selection of slight but agreeable papers, by the author of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." They are for the most part mere sketches, not over accurate, but free from affectation, exaggeration, and Americanisms, and at the same time readable and pleasant. As an instance of the felicity of his comparisons, he likens the packing of the inhabitants of an *entresol* in a French house to the horizontal layer of books pushed in over the upright ones in a bookcase where the shelves are too wide apart. But, after all, his lucubrations are more agreeable than important.

Literary Papers by the late Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S.; selected from his Writings in the Literary Gazette. (London, Lovell Reeve.) As these papers have so lately appeared in the pages of a contemporary, we shall do no more than call our readers' attention to them as interesting remains of a man of real science. They consist of a set of short but characteristic reviews of several of the most important books published within the last five years.

Food and its Adulterations; comprising the Reports of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the Lancet for the years 1851-54. By A. H. Hassall, M.D. (London, Longmans.) Those who like to see the "vera effigies" of the bushel of dirt which they are predestined to eat and drink during their lives, and to read of the horrible plots of those assassins the vendors of cayenne pepper, anchovies, and coloured confectionary, against the well-being of their customers' stomachs, should look at this book. Every one has heard of the revelations of this scourge of provision-dealers—the papers made sufficient impression as they dribbled forth week after week in the *Lancet*; here they have quite an epic grandeur in the accumulation of rascality, relieved every now and then with a short episode of honest trade.

Odessa and its Inhabitants. By an English Prisoner in Russia. (London, Bosworth.) A childish and foolish little book, written by a middy of German extraction, who is very soft towards young ladies, but has

a very creditable determination to proclaim the excessive indulgence which the prisoners of the *Tiger* experienced in Odessa, in spite of the *Times*, and of the treatment which Lieutenant Royer received for a similar tribute. Still, though his picture is meant to be favourable to Russian society, a few notable facts peep out. One such is, that a poor cabman received forty blows with the knout for an overcharge of a few halfpence to the author; and another, that the ladies of Odessa are such inveterate gamblers, that they sometimes strip their houses of every stick of furniture, and are obliged to accept the hospitality of their friends till their angry husbands will refurnish their own dwellings for them.

Sketches, Legal and Political. By the late Right Hon. R. L. Sheil. Edited by M. W. Savage. 2 vols. (London, Hurst and Blackett.) These interesting and brilliant papers are selected from Mr. Sheil's contributions to the "New Monthly Magazine." Some of them are models of personal invective, others are remarkable for graphic delineation of the horrors of the agrarian outrages in Ireland in the decade 1820-30, and all of them show Mr. Sheil to have been no ordinary man in rhetorical power. It is to be regretted, that when he wrote these sketches his Catholicity sat rather loosely about him, though there was no want of political partisanship of the Catholic cause.

Polynesian Mythology, and ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race, furnished by their Priests and Chiefs. By Sir George Grey, late Governor of New Zealand. Illustrated. (London, Murray.) This is a translation of the greater part of the hymns and traditional lore lately published by Sir George Grey in the original Maori. It is about the most satisfactory work of the kind we ever came across. Sir George gives no paraphrase, but a literal text of the unwritten records in which these islanders handed down their inherited opinions. The book is invaluable for the ethnographer, and is interesting as containing several points of contact with the tradition of almost all known mythologies. The labour which the collection of them must have cost was well bestowed; and if all other colonial governors would follow the example of Sir George, they would render immense services to history and human science.

Oronaiika. From the French. (New York, Dunigan.) Not a bad story of its kind, with Indians in it, after the pattern of Mr. Fenimore Cooper, only Catholicised. The American translator has altered it in parts from the French original, as it was supposed to want *vraisemblance* to the American reader. It is true we don't believe in the least in the possibility of these Indian stories, whether by Cooper, James, or the author of *Oronaiika*; and should as soon expect to hear some "village Milton" actually extemporising a "Paradise Lost" as to come across one of these preternatural personages of the woods and hunting-fields. They have, however, a certain artistic interest about them; and some persons find them very interesting. To such we recommend *Oronaiika*.

The Use of Books: Two Lectures delivered to the Cork Young Men's Society. By J. G. MacCarthy, President. (Cork, O'Brien.) We have more faith in this mode of "regenerating Ireland," as the cant saying is, than in the efficacy of political agitation. Mr. MacCarthy's style is a little too florid; but with so much good sense, cleverness, and sound religious principle, we are not disposed to be over-critical. We heartily wish him success in his labours for the valuable society over which he presides.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of James Montgomery, by J. Holland and J. Everett. 2 vols. (London, Longmans.) These two volumes

are the first instalment of a lengthy, somewhat dull, and sectarian biography of an amiable man and respectable poet, who is not to be confounded with that other would-be poet of the same name, the author of "Satan," "Woman," "Luther," &c., who received the memorable castigation from Macaulay in the "Edinburgh Review." James Montgomery's *forte* was hymn-writing,—the only branch of ecclesiastical art in which Niebuhr claims for Protestants a superiority over Catholics. The present volumes, after a notice of sundry Montgomeries—with whom the subject, it is said, claims no kin,—trace his birth in Scotland of Moravian parents; his education at the Moravian Seminary at Fulneck; his gradual estrangement from the system pursued there in consequence of his pursuit of the forbidden pleasures of versifying and reading poetry; his flight from school; his services as shopman in a Yorkshire village and in London; and his final settlement in Sheffield, first as a clerk to a newspaper editor, and afterwards as editor of the "Iris," with his trials and imprisonments for political offences in 1795 and '96. One of the collectors of the present memoirs is the Mr. Everett who, with one or two more, caused the late division in the Wesleyan body.

Things as they are in America. By Wm. Chambers. (Edinburgh, W. and R. Chambers.) Mr. Chambers' book treats of things as distinguished from persons, and of persons chiefly in their capacity of things—tools, instruments, and producers. It is crammed with statistics, and rather shirks the really interesting questions of American society; on which point the author probably felt that he could not write in a train so acceptable to the susceptibilities of our go-ahead cousins, as when confining his talk to bullocks, and flour-mills, and factories, and newspapers. He is most successful in his endeavour to keep clear of personalities, and his book is rather dry in consequence; but still it is as full of meat as an egg.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Les Conseils de la Sagesse, ou Recueil des Maximes de Salomon, avec des Réflexions, par le R. P. M. Boutauld, S.J. (Paris, Julien, Lanier, et Cie.) A reprint of a quaint and naïf book by a Jesuit of the seventeenth century. There is no great profundity or completeness, but a vast deal of good homely common sense, in his maxims for the management of the conscience, the mind, the passions, the tongue; for behaviour to wife, children, servants, friends; for conversation, for business, and for amusements.

Méditations sur les Vérités essentielles de la Religion, par le Docteur M. Kronst, S.J. Translated by M. l'Abbé Sergent. 2 vols. (Paris, L. Vivès.) We do not know whether or not to approve of the modifications which the translator has introduced into these volumes. A preface by a professor of rhetoric, at Nevers, informs us that the original Latin is very bad, cramped, and full of the most puerile antitheses; and he quotes a passage in proof. In this passage we only see so successful an imitation of the antithetical style of some of the mediæval writers, that we are almost sorry that the translator did not attempt to preserve it. It would translate into English similar to that of Andrewes, the well-known Bishop of Winchester in the time of James I. What sort of French it would make, we cannot presume to say. The meditations seem good, and occasionally remarkably so. The book is worth attention. It should be mentioned, that Father Kronst was confessor to the daughters of Louis XV.